

You don't have to leave

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by [kenneth_thegreat](#)

Summary

George and Sapnap have been dating for a long time. Dream isn't jealous at all, he totally doesn't want their attention. What happens when that turns into a crush? And they invite him for a threesome? And Dream has low self-esteem and doesn't think they want HIM, they just want his body? Angst to fluff.

Notes

Please do not ship real people. I only use their gamertags for a reason. Let me know if you have any feedback, just like Dream in this fic I crave attention...kudos's and comments are always appreciated!

1. George and Sapnap are...dating?

George and Sapnap had been dating for just under a year when Dream found out. They remembered it fondly, with a healthy dose of fear. Dream had been furious that they hadn't told him, but also didn't want them to think he was unsupportive. This led him to scream-lecture them over VC, asking how fucking stupid his two best friends had to be to hide it from him. How dare they assume he'd be anything other than happy for their dumbasses. How, the next time they saw each other, they'd have to hope he'd cooled down and wouldn't kick their asses for presuming Dream was going to think anything negative about their relationship.

The call ended that night with tears pricking the eyes of the two lovers. Of course they knew Dream wasn't homophobic, he'd been very vocal about that both publicly and privately. But they still felt uneasy, worried the Floridian would feel left out or abandoned by his two friends. Of course he had other friends, but George, Sap, and Dream were THE Dream Team. They slept on call together, talked at their lowest and highest. They could be nerdy together, could talk freely regardless the situation. The three guys had an unbreakable bond from before anyone knew their names or gamer tags. Dream might have other people he could go to, but it wouldn't be the same and George and Sapnap knew it. His support and acceptance meant just as much as the support from their siblings and families.

But Dream did think bad things about their relationship, not that he'd ever think of saying it out loud. He was jealous, hiding it easily behind the instant shock and anger at not knowing earlier. Dream envied their closeness. He craved their attention, looking forwards to every laugh, indignant cry, and scream. It added to his fire, pushed him forwards, built his confidence. He hadn't been actively looking for a relationship, it wasn't like he was being rejected, but he couldn't help but feel like he'd never be more than second best.

After the confession, Dream took two days off-no calls, no texts, no VC- to settle his decision firmly in place. He knew what he had to do. He'd have to bottle up the envy, sadness, worries, shove it down, and continue on. He'd never come between the two, especially not for something so shallow as his attention seeking needs. They were still his best friends, after all, and of course a relationship would come before friendship.

They all spoke again on the third day, worms of anxiety wiggling in George and Sapnap's stomachs. Regardless of Dream's words, his radio silence had been deafening. Dream sighed, before unmuting his mic, "Hey losers, miss me?"

Sapnap snorted. "Missed having your clout for my livestream," he quipped, no heat behind the words. "Everything cool, man?"

"Yeah. Had to take some time to think. You guys have told me and your families, are you planning on telling everyone else? Your fans? How visible do you wanna be?" George could've cried at the words, Dream hadn't pulled away from them for any reason other than to plan. He did that all the time, getting caught up in every single factor, how to maximize success and minimize wasted potential. Of course he would've been trying to establish every factor. He felt a soft smile fall upon his face before chiming in.

"After we told you, we had a talk about it. We're fine with telling the SMP, they'd figure it out anyways. But the fans...Dream you and I get a lot of attention from them shipping us. If Sap and I were to be open about us now..." George trailed off, knowing Dream would've interrupted anyways.

THIS was his speed! Dream immediately settled into professional-mode, “It would’ve lost that chunk of our audience. Great thinking George! See I told you there’s no harm in planning, and you make fun of me for being type A.” he chuckled, mind racing with schemes.

Sapnap broke in, “We’ve also talked about that. Dream, you’ve been our closest friend for years. We aren’t about to leave you out because we happen to be dating, ya know?” Dream felt internal tension drain at the reassurance, no matter what he knew from years of friendship, hearing it from Sap further engrained it. “That being said, I know all of us are aware of the stans. If we act differently, they’re gonna catch on. Don’t feel like you gotta act differently around us, alone or together. We may only be reaching a year soon, but I for one am not insecure in our relationship. I don’t think George is either. You know what I’m sayin?”

Dream nodded, slight flush gracing his face, “We gotta keep flirting, tease the audience. Even if most of them know it’s a joke, it’ll seem weird if we suddenly stop. That’s fine, just, either of you will let me know if it’s going too far, right?”

George rolled his eyes, “If you somehow get worse I’ll let you know.” he promised.

They quickly moved onto new video ideas, warmth from the previous conversation still filling everyone’s stomachs. Dream knew nothing was going to change.

2. Lonely

Chapter Notes

I was tipsy while writing this and it's basically a filler chapter, not in the original plans, so don't be too disappointed by it please! As always, a comment or kudos is always appreciated.

Of course stuff changed, as much as he tried to convince himself it wouldn't, Dream knew his friend's relationship would affect their own. Not in a weird way. The two boys openly dating meant they didn't need to hide their conversations by adding a third party, they could chat both on and off stream in the VC's without worrying about anyone becoming suspicious.

Dream WAS happy for them, he knew how hard it was to be hiding a secret (seeing how long he had gone with no one knowing his face, his name, his gamer career). They shouldn't have to worry about judgement from anyone, especially their crew. There wasn't a single homophobic person that associated with the SMP so why should they have to hide?

Unfortunately, their newfound freedom meant that Dream wasn't invited to every single session, on or off stream. He was almost always available, meaning Dream hopped on VC for at least a few minutes whenever they chose to play. That changed-George didn't send half as many requests to join him, Sapnap even less. Of course they invited him to streams, but that was to sell their characters, not for his input.

Dream quickly found himself bored. He had already decided to stop streaming speedruns due to some people thinking they were faked, now he didn't have his friend's conversations to hop in on. Dream still invaded every so often without invitation, but it wasn't the same.

Dream had joined the call silently, wanting to catch up with his friends about two weeks back. He knew neither of the boys were streaming, but didn't want a boisterous entrance to disrupt their conversation.

"Babe, have you checked tickets recently?" Sapnap whined, "I wanna see you again. It's been too long. Besides, it's your turn. I came to England last time, even if it was hella expensive." Dream was surprised, he hadn't known that Sapnap had left the US. Not that he NEEDED to know...but they were friends. Even before the two were openly dating, the Texan wouldn't have not told him he left...right?

George sighed, "I know, darling, shove off. I've been looking at tickets for weeks, it's not my fault they're ridiculously high right now. I'm trying my best. I miss you too."

Dream felt himself flush, he didn't want to intrude on their private conversations like this. He swiftly exited the call, then sent George \$1,000 for "forgetting to pay him for his input on the last few codes". He refused to accept the British boy's claims that he had already been paid, insisting that he might as well use it on something important. Dream ignored Sapnap's out of character appreciative snapchat later that night.

He shook his head free from the memory, shaking away the awkwardness he had felt that night. Dream had been a lot more careful of when he joined their chats, not wanting to be in the same

position, which had led to him being alone with his thoughts.

He was lonely. Despite actually having friends outside of streaming, unlike what his fans thought, they were often busy with school, work, and their own lives. After moving out, Dream didn't have his siblings to bother or parents to spend time with readily. He only reliably had George, Sapnap, and the rest of their rag-tag gang to spend his time with regularly. Dream quickly found himself craving the days before Sap and George had told him they were dating, days where he could spend hours in a stream and more following poking fun at their actions and offering advice. He wanted to be there to give advice and feedback on their problems (though looking back, most of it had to do with each other most likely). Dream missed being needed, being wanted by his best friends.

It had been a whole week since either boy had reached out to him when Dream had his first breakdown. Drista had just told him that she would be busy all week with school projects and couldn't hang. Dream hung up in the middle of her half-assed apologies, knowing she wouldn't panic at his abruptness, chest feeling uncomfortably tight and eyes painfully damp. He would NOT cry over his dumbass sister cancelling dinner plans, he wouldn't. It wasn't a big deal, he understood she was busy, popular even without anyone knowing her brother's career. She'd done this before, costing Dream little more than gas money having to turn around mid drive.

This time was different, because it wasn't just Drista cancelling. Sapnap had pushed back their latest recording because he had plans with George twice, TWICE, this week. George had sent a slightly more apologetic text about how he'd flown all the way to Texas and didn't want to spend the limited time with his boyfriend streaming. The SMP was oddly quiet, most roleplaying on standby while people gathered supplies and resources.

Dream laid down on his bed, PC and phone shut off, and clutched a pillow tight to his chest. He was loved, god damn it, people wanted to be around him. It was just this week that was weird. Despite his rational brain spewing positive thoughts, Dream felt burning hot tears trace down his cheeks and a loose sob break from his chest. He curled around the pillow, biting back any noise, simply feeling the tears silently fall. His chest began to burn, begging for him to let any air through. Dream felt alone, forgotten, disposable.

Hours later when he picked up his phone, there were half a dozen texts from Sapnap asking for his presence on stream.

The episodes continued over the next few months, leaving Dream shaking and tense, desperate for companionship. His IRL friends had all but drowned in their own lives, ending Dream's social life, as limited as it was beforehand. He didn't leave the house except to go grocery shopping for him and Patches and once a month for dinner with his family. Dream felt more alone than ever, desperate for even the smallest ounce of affection from anyone- he had found himself almost locking fingers with the cashier at his grocers when receiving change. He was a touchy person, and the isolation had led him to shoot longing glances at couples at the beach, groups of teenagers bumping shoulders walking on the sidewalk.

George and Sapnap had noticed his withdrawal from streaming, having multiple conversations concerned for the Floridian. He wasn't showing up to the streams he was invited to, even if he did he spent the whole time muted or dejected. The fans had begun to take notice, donations frequently inquiring about Dream. The couple had run out of answers, texts going unread and calls unanswered.

When the US announced their first cases of COVID, Dream thought he would cry. He was already so alone, and potential lockdowns would cause him to not even be able to visit his family. While considering the potential issues, George called.

“Dream, you have extra rooms in your house, right?” He blinked.

“What?”

George clicked his tongue impatiently, “You have extra guest rooms, right? I thought we had this conversation months ago when I was thinking about coming to Florida.”

“Y-yeah, why?” Dream spluttered. They had talked about it, but then again, George and Dream hadn’t streamed in...god, it had to have been two weeks now. They really needed to get back together, for professional reasons, “what’s up?”

George smiled behind his phone. “Okay, we’re all aware of what the pandemic might bring, yeah?” Dream nodded, then voiced his opinion while shaking off the embarrassment of trying to send a nod through the phone. “So, Sap and I have been talking. What if we all quarantined in Florida? We would have better access to each other’s schedules and wouldn’t be bored stiff for weeks. Obviously we could pay you for food or extra utility costs. It’s been too long since we got to spend time together, don’t you think? If you don’t want us there, we get it, but I hate to think of you there alone...and this could be our excuse!”

Dream felt tears pricking his eyes, cleared his throat, and tried to not sound too excited. “How soon can you be here?”

George laughed, talking logistics for awhile, then business. After planning a manhunt for the next day and flights for the week after, Dream ended the call with a smile. He wasn’t going to be lonely for much longer.

3. Manhunt, feelings, and *gasp* smut?

Chapter Notes

CW: SMUT

This is my first time publishing smut so don't yell at me, but please let me know if it's adequate? I wanted to get some Sapnotfound in before moving into a threesome or anything. Sorry this chapter took a hot minute, the end of my semester's coming up and I spent like 6 hours today finishing assignments so I can be off all next week before exams. Also, this is the longest consecutive work I've done. I have a bad habit of losing attention so I usually stick with one-shots. This is fun + new :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“SUCK IT, DREAM!” George cried as he descended upon the prone green figure. Dream screamed, crafting window filling his screen and preventing him from seeing the other’s approach. He exited as fast as possible and began sprinting away, leaving the furnaces of food and iron cooking behind the horizon.

“C’mon George, you couldn’t have waited for us?” Sapnap whined as he watched Dream book it. “If we had all three gotten him at once he wouldn’t have gotten so far away!” His tone changed, dropping, “You just had to get Dream to ‘suck it’ didn’t you?”

Badboyhalo’s cries of “LANGUAGE!” were obscured by Sapnap’s laugh and George’s splutters. Dream smiled against his will, lips twitching upwards at the quip as his cheeks turned pink. This was normal for them, but knowing about George and Sap? His thoughts sidetracked into George gripping thick hair, pulling a head back, low moan filling the space, to whisper into Sapnap’s ear with a hard edge, “suck it, Sap.”

He was snapped out of the thought by Bad rushing behind him and getting a hit, throwing him off the cliff and into the ocean below. Dream quickly placed his boat and zoomed out as far as possible, leaving his loot behind. The trio’s arguing grew louder at the flawed plan, drowning Dream’s presence out all-together.

‘What the fuck was that thought, Dream?’ He thought to himself. He’d never thought of any of his friends like that, well, not really thought of them. Sure once or twice a dream had George’s voice whispering to him or Sapnap’s body under his, but he didn’t think of them like that, it was just his brain coming up with a filler character. Either way, it was a later problem. For now he’s got a manhunt to win.

There was only one hit left on the dragon, beds falling just short. Dream had one arrow, no food, and three screaming men chasing him, desperate to get the last hits on him first. The dragon couldn’t stay much longer at the roost and all four of them knew it. Dream sprinted from where he got flung, scaling the staircase one of the others had created to catch him earlier. He glanced behind him for a moment and saw all 3 on his tail, good.

Dream loaded his crossbow and waited at the very top, for the others to get right to the edge, and jumped. Everyone followed, but didn’t expect the enderpearl that would teleport Dream to directly next to the dragon’s head. As the green figure took damage from the purple sparks, he fired the crossbow.

“YESSSSS!” Dream screamed as the achievement popped up, “FUCK YOU!”

Bad didn’t even bring up the language violation, too busy commiserating with the other two hunters as the end credits filled their screens. When they appeared back in the overworld, Bad immediately began attempting to kill Dream. “You MUFFIN! We were so close to getting the dragon to fly away and heal! You were just baiting us at the end, I can’t believe you!”

Dream’s wheezing filled the call, adrenaline pumping through his veins. It was close, he was only at a few hearts after the enderpearl and cloud. Had any of them gotten an arrow on him, he would’ve lost.

The hunter’s grumbles quickly fell to strategic discussions, how many times they had Dream low, what he had done to escape, what they could’ve prevented, the normal post-manhunt discussions. Eventually, Bad left to go get dinner, calling Dream a muffin one last time to everyone’s amusement.

Silence filled the call for a brief moment as the three friends recovered from their most fun, but most stressful, recordings. Eventually, Sapnap spoke up. “Really, Dream, ‘Fuck you?’. Good luck cutting that one out.”

Dream felt a hot jolt go through his stomach at the words. He ignored how George laughed, mind flipping momentarily to a fantasy of Sapnap’s hands tight on his wrists, pinning him as Dream resisted, and a growled ‘fuck you’. He snapped back, flushed cheeks and all, for an exaggerated groan of annoyance. He was gonna have to find a creative way to cut that out, wasn’t he?

That night, Dream laid awake thinking. He always found it difficult to recover from manhunts, the adrenaline leaving him wired, but tonight was different. He’d never paid any attention to their comments before, why now? Dream’s stomach flipped upside down. It couldn’t be cause they’re dating...right? He wasn’t so desperate for attention that he’d been fetishizing his friends?

Dream abruptly turned onto his other side, mind racing. This wasn’t happening, it wasn’t real. He wasn’t one of those guys who saw everything as sex, female or male. Sure he made comments and jokes about it, but he’s 21 for heaven’s sake- it’d be more concerning if he didn’t! Besides, it was always joking, just like Sapnap’s “hey, mamas”. Nobody thought it was real....

Besides the stans, that is. Dream groaned out loud, it was too late for this. He threw an arm behind him and groped around to find wherever his phone had ended up. Squinting, he turned down his brightness. Nearly 2am....yeah, too late. Or too early, however you want to look at it.

Whatever, so he wasn’t going to sleep anytime soon. That much he could deal with

Sapnap and George stayed up together late into the night after leaving the VC with Bad and Dream. George had just arrived in Texas the day before, deciding to meet Sapnap there and fly together. It was out of the way and meant a longer cross-Atlantic flight, but allowed them a few days alone together. Talk of gameplay and future tactics slowly drizzled into drowsy cuddles on the bed.

“George, do you think Dream was acting weird today? I don’t know, he just seemed kinda spacy a few times.” Sapnap mumbled into the brunette’s shoulder. George shrugged, causing Sap to grumble and chomp down on the offending arm.

“Fuck, OW! Bratnap you know that hurts, you bitch.” he cried, smacking the messy-haired boy. Sapnap butted his head against George’s torso and snorted. “I don’t know, he seemed fine? Gonna

have a hell of a time cutting out that celebration though. He's usually really good about that kind of stuff, maybe it's got something to do with how he's been kind of withdrawn lately. Just leave it, we'll see him in a few days anyways, darling." Sap hummed at the pet name, burying further into his boyfriend, chest rumbling beneath him with a laugh.

George pushed Sappnap's head, which stubbornly refused to move. "C'mon, I want to brush my teeth" he whined, kicking his legs slightly. Sappnap smirked, throwing an arm over George's flailing lower limbs and flipping over to face the brunette.

"Oh? You just wanna go to bed?" he teased, slowly approaching the older. George felt his breath catch, eyes flickering down to Sappnap's pretty lips.

"I-I mean, um, no?" he stuttered, blinking heavily before allowing a smile to twitch his own lips upwards. Sappnap chuckled, then leaned forwards to press into a gentle kiss. George felt the tension melt from his shoulders as the sweet and short kiss ended, Sappnap pulling back smiling. He shuffled backwards onto his elbows, pushing Sappnap's heavy arm from pinning his legs, to immediately latch on for another kiss. Sappnap groaned, pushing just ever so slightly harder and dragged his arm up to George's waist, under his shirt, to caress the soft skin he knew was waiting.

George shivered at the sensation as he leaned into Sappnap's mouth to draw the younger's lower lip between his teeth gently, tugging just a tad, before releasing.

A whine came from Sappnap's chest, forcing laughter out of George before immediately flinching away from fingers prodding his ribcage with a yelp. "Sap, stop it. You're killing the mood"

Sappnap's head snapped up to meet George's eyes, "what do you mean I'M killing the mood? You literally just laughed at me, shithead."

George rolled his eyes before stealing a peck, causing Sappnap to retaliate by pressing dozens of kisses all over the British boy's face. "Sap! You're slobbering all over me, get off!" he cried, pushing the offending head to his chest. He responded by pressing a kiss onto George's shirt, directly over his heart, then running a line of kisses downwards. George flushed, squirming slightly as sensitive skin was stimulated.

"Babe," he whined, wiggling his hips, "are you just going to tease me?" Sappnap smirked upwards before pressing a final kiss directly above the waistband of George's sweatpants, then glancing up innocently.

"Who, me? Teaaaase?" he drew out, licking a stripe onto the exposed skin. George groaned again, this time reaching down to tug on raven hair.

"Ow! What? Can I not do a little foreplay without you tryin to rip my head off" he complained, rubbing slightly at the sore spot.

George shook his head, "look, you're being a brat and I'm doing what needs done. Now, do you want to fuck me or suck me?" he offered, stifling a laugh as pink spread across Sappnap's face. He faceplanted into George's stomach, ignoring the small 'oof', mumbling unintelligibly.

"What was that, baby? I didn't hear you," George teased condescending. Sappnap huffed, jerking his head up.

"I said I wanted to suck you off."

George smiled, "thank you, love. Now, are you going to do that or are you just going to lay there like a big lump all night?" Sappnap's eyes narrowed before nipping at the nearby skin of George's

belly, huffing at the yelp, before yanking the grey sweatpants and boxers down to George's knees. George shivered at the unexpected rush of cold air, then immediately moaned as Sapnap wrapped a hand around his cock, stroking upwards gently.

"Sappppp," he breathed, eyes closing automatically. The younger let out a breath, leaning over to wrap his tongue around the head, drawing an even louder groan.

He withdrew "Babe, quiet down. My family's sleeping", he hissed. George's eyes shot open and he nodded down to his boyfriend, grabbing a pillow and smushing it over his face. Sapnap chuckled, shaking his head, before returning to wrap his lips around George's cock. This time, the moan was heavily muffled, to Sapnap's pleasure.

Sapnap took more into his mouth, tongue tracing up the underside of George's dick on the upstroke, curling underneath the crown of his head, then back to the base of his mouth. Sapnap adjusted his hands to rest on George's hips, grabbing slightly at the skin, then pressed further down yet. As he reached three quarters of the way down, he felt the head against the back of his throat and withdrew, another muffled sound coming from higher up on the bed.

He cleared his throat. "As much as I want you to fuck my throat, I think that's going to have to wait until Dream's babe, I don't want to wake anyone up."

Sapnap lowered back onto George's cock, moaning at the feel of a hand petting his head gently, not pushing. Sapnap lifted up to bring one of his hands from George's hip down to his own dick hard as nails in his shorts. He stroked himself in time with his bobs up and down on George, soft whimpers interjecting George's muffled curses and the wet sound of saliva pooling in his mouth. His dick twitched, George's hips stuttering up slightly, still somewhat pinned by Sap's remaining hand. Sapnap pushed down a little further than he had been, knowing George was about to cum, and stroked himself faster. George bit down on the pillow, hips jerking once, twice, and he was gone, moaning lewdly, barely stifled by the down filled sack.

Sapnap swallowed dutifully, chasing George's cum to ensure it was all cleaned up, and released the older boy with a soft, wet sound. George shivered again, throwing the pillow across the room.

"Fuck, babe. Can I get a hand on you?" he whispered. Sapnap whined, nodding while pushing down his shorts to reveal his flushed erection, precum beading on top. George brought his hand down to firmly stroke Sap, causing the younger to jerk upwards and bite gently onto George's shoulder, much gentler than earlier in fact, and let out a soft cry. He took that as a good sign and increased the speed of his strokes, methodically jerking off his boyfriend. Sapnap's hips followed George's hand, trying to maximize his pleasure while stifling sounds that made heat fill George's face. He swiped a thumb over the head, drawing a slightly louder moan from the younger.

"Gog, 'm close" he breathed, voice strained. George hummed, stroking a bit harder. "Gonna cum for me baby? Your mouth was so good, you deserve it," he praised. Sapnap whined, thrusting faster into George's hand. "Whenever you want, darling. Been so good for me, so quiet. Go ahead and let go for me." George emphasized with two rough jerks, then picking up speed. Sapnap cried out, seemingly forgetting about his earlier noise concerns, and came with a choked out moan against George's shoulder.

He slumped down against the older boy, spent. George chuckled and dragged his clean hand across Sapnap's chest, rubbing gently. "C'mon, now it's time to brush teeth and clean up so we can go to bed, I'm tired. We have to get you packed in the morning, hurry up Slownap." he joked, ignoring Sapnap's "fuck you" in response.

Chapter End Notes

PLEASE I'm desperate for any feedback. I actually storybored this out (which I NEVER do), but if you want to see something specific just let me know. How'd you like my first published smut? Or the story so far? Or anything, I'm depressed and desperate for feedback. Probs gonna be some angst next chapter so wanted to treat you now :D

4. Dream...thinks...too much

Chapter Notes

So, I totally storyboarded this series of bullet points that would all come together, have a variety of elements, all that jazz. Then I got to like 2000 words and realized that I was barely a quarter of the way down the list of events and concepts....so I'm splitting this chapter into 2. Unfortunately, it's gonna begin with angst (SORRY to those of you who want Dream to be happy. He will. In like, chapter 7 or something...) and no smut (there's like, barely 150 words. it doesn't count).

I'm throwin myself directly into chapter 5 though, cause I really do want this series of events done. Will likely update again before morning (EST-it's 6:45pm now).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was the night before George and Sapnap arrived. Just in time, Dream thought, there had been talk of flights being cancelled and driving from Texas would be rough. He couldn't sleep, again. Sleepless nights needed to stop becoming his norm. Believe it or not he could get tired of finding dark bags below his eyes.

Dream sat up from bed abruptly, startling Patches, who glared up from her pillow to the left of his head. He stared at the hallway door, beyond which George and Sapnap would be sleeping (one in the guest room and the other in the bedroom-turned-recording-room that he'd returned to bedroom status). Or they could sleep together, if that's what they wanted. Light pink colored his cheeks. Dream just wanted to provide them with their own spaces, didn't want to assume anything

They probably would want to stay together, he thought, replaying the internal argument that had been prevailing for the past week. They'd been dating for almost a year and barely saw each other, not that they told him when they were together. But two weeks (or longer, if the news was to believe) was a long time to be in each other's space...Dream would go crazy spending that long with any of his ex-girlfriends. Then again, that's probably why they were EX-girlfriends.

George and Sapnap's relationship wasn't like anything he'd had with his ex's from what he could tell. They weren't in "dating mode" all the time, fawning over every word, demanding each other's attention constantly, or making everyone else in the room (or VC) uncomfortable. Granted, part of that was likely due to the fact they weren't out to the fans, but with cameras off they behaved more or less the same. They seemed...the same, they were still best friends, just best friends who kissed and stuff now.

His thoughts were starting to sound repetitive, falling into the same rut just as they did last night and the night before then. Just kissed and stuff. And stuff.

Dream's mouth went dry, grabbing for the bottle of water sitting nearby. He wasn't going to do this again, he couldn't do this again. He couldn't think of Sapnap's raven hair splayed across his pillow, fingers grasping desperately at the very same dark sheets Dream was lying on. Dream's weight heavy on his legs, grinding backwards into- He shook his head, forcing himself to think of something else, anything else, glancing around his room to settle on his set-up.

Where he could sit in his chair pushed back from the desk to allow George to settle between his

legs, hands possessively gripping Dream's thighs. His warm breath a heat wave on Dream's di-

His eyes snapped open, exhaling harshly. He absolutely wasn't going to think about that, wasn't falling victim to thinking with his dick. He was better than this, right?

Certainly not, a voice in his head simpered, how could he be better than this? When he's fantasizing about his best friends there for his pleasure? For him to use, to manipulate, to exploit for his own benefit? How could Dream even think himself worthy of forgiveness when his cock's aching between his legs, hand pressing desperately down for some semblance of pleasure?

Hands ripped away faster than a flash of lightning, he was NOT jerking off to, to either of them.

Dream's breath rasped in his chest, coming faster and shallower. Hands pressed on the crown of his head, clutching desperately at soft brown curls, crushing them in his grip. He forced air in through his nose, holding for a few heartbeats, shoving it through clenched teeth, hold. Repeat. Tears stung at clenched eyes.

He was shaking, trembles seizing his limbs and forcing them to tense further. His lungs burned, chest aching.

A sob sounded through the room uncontrolled, an ugly choking sound. Patches jumped down from the bed, thoroughly roused from her sleep. Dream jerked his legs up to his chest, forcing his head between his knees. He needed to breathe past the stranglehold panic held on his throat, needed to get ahold of himself, needed to fucking stop, god damned it all. The dam broke, spilling tears down his face.

He needed to be NORMAL, to stop having these...thoughts. Needed to stop seeing them pressed against him, under him, in him, on top of him. Dream needed to stop imagining their words, their praise and degradation, their soft murmurs of affection that slipped into normal calls. He needed them out of his head, NOW.

Dream pressed the heel of his palms against his eyes hard, dull pain soothing the ache in his chest. His breath was still too fast, still too raw, but he was fine- the worst was over for now.

He should know the course of these panic attacks by now, recognize the signs and shut them down before it got too bad. Should being the key word. Despite their increasing frequency, especially related to...that topic...Dream was held captive every time, trapped.

At least his other problem was solved, a dark chuckle bubbling from deep in his belly. Panic attacks, a good boner deterrent. Some use to 'em.

Dream lowered his hands, black and white sparkles dancing in his vision. Flexing his fingers to lose some of the tension, Dream felt a throb of protest from his shoulder and back and winced. He wasn't gonna be falling asleep any time soon all wound up like this. Might as well do something productive, he thought, rising to stand stiffly in the dark room.

Sap and George were arriving tomorrow and he'd cleaned the entire house in anticipation two days ago. There wasn't any harm in running the vacuum again, was there? Besides Patches' loathing of the machine, that is.

Dream flicked switches on as he strolled to the broom closet on the other side of his house, light flooding the house. For once, he was glad he lived alone. Who else would tolerate this at...well, he didn't know the time. Probably way too early or way too late.

The roar of the vacuum over the carpet of the living room couldn't drown out his racing thoughts.

Sapnap and George would be here, in his home, in the early afternoon. Their flight would land around 1pm. He'd pick them up, there'd be about an hour drive, and then his best friends would be in his house: sprawled on his sofa, sitting at the kitchen table, sleeping on his sheets...

Dream switched to the hose attachment, planning to run it through the crevice of the couch to pick up any crumbs that may have settled in the past 48 hours. How was he going to keep them out of his mind when they were here?

These past weeks had left Dream forever grateful that he didn't use facecam. No one could say anything about his blush-stained cheeks like they did for George, pull clips of him biting his lip like they do to Sapnap and post on tiktok with suggestive audios. They couldn't see when he muted to curse their stupid flirts that sound just a touch too real, stupid pretty faces they pull for the audience, stupid dropped voices that send an arrow of arousal through his belly, stupid faked moans that resonate in his brain for hours...

Point being, no one saw him. No one had seen him. No matter how much they joked and teased the audience, no one had received more than a pic of Dream's lowered head or hands. He was invisible if he wanted to be, at least, until tomorrow when George and Sapnap would see him...would be there with him.

He couldn't hide his reactions to their words, their actions. Dream was going to be more visible than he'd been since high school football games before going online, even then being able to disappear into the massive crowds. How was he supposed to act? What was normal? What would they see as normal?

Dream moved into the kitchen, pulling out a washrag and filling the sink with hot water and soap. Could he act the same as he usually did, bratty and flirty and begging for their attention, demanding to be the main character? It was simple to act over VC where it was all for fun: bits, roleplay for Wilbur's SMP scripts, planning to keep the audience engaged- lying about where he went, his hair color, staying relevant and entertaining. He'd put off the IRL interactions until the last possible minute to prepare and found himself woefully ill-equipped, strung-out on nerves.

The sink filled and Dream absentmindedly plunged his hands in to mix it, barely feeling the burning hot water scalding his skin. He had less than 12 hours to prepare for what he'd been putting off for years, typical.

He scrubbed down the marble countertops, putting just too much force into the movements and feeling his shoulders protest. 12 hours wasn't enough to teach himself how to be the main character, how to fit the same image he painted online. It was enough to build up a mask, to fake it until he made it as his mom would say.

The stovetop was next, small watermarks from his ramen earlier disappearing under the cloth. Dream couldn't handle the flirting, it was his biggest downfall during recordings. That reaction wasn't going away overnight. It was best to not get involved if at all possible, hopefully his friends would take it as him respecting their relationship and recognizing the difference between IRL and online presence. In all actuality, they probably weren't going to notice the change in the Floridian. They were a couple who lived an ocean and some away, they were going to be too wrapped up in themselves to focus their attention on Dream.

Dream felt a cold satisfaction fill his chest, simultaneously beautiful and miserable. That's exactly what would happen, so long he didn't do anything wrong, they should barely even notice him. After all, how could he, their online friend who couldn't build up the courage to send a snapchat of his face, be nearly as important as their partner? Their infatuation should mask most of his actions if he played it safe. That was good...right?

His movements paused, tendrils of anxiety prodding at his chest again. Why were they even coming to see him? George had approached him like the visit would be beneficial for their channels, better collaborations and all. The other upside would be that they could be alone together, not stuck in separate houses.

But they didn't have any trouble finding time together before? George's time zone was the hardest to work with, and even then their sleep schedules were all fucked up enough that it barely mattered if he was 5 hours ahead or not. The boredom on the other hand...the only person that helped was Dream, wasn't it? If George and Sap were lonely they could stay together, they didn't need him for that? He was alone.

But he'd been withdrawing before they made the offer, sucked into his own thoughts, barely active on social media or his accounts. They weren't coming out of...pity, were they? Dream swallowed down the tightness in his throat, desperately wanting to ignore the thought but unable.

They were. There wasn't any other explanation for the sudden offer, was there? They must've noticed something was wrong and felt obligated as his friends to see if he was okay, right? Dream's stomach turned as he emptied the drain, staring at his reddened hands. He wasn't okay and wanted to tell them that, but then they'd feel more responsible for him and push him because they felt they had to, not because they wanted to.

Okay, he could deal with that. He just had to pretend everything was okay, not give them a reason to think otherwise. They had better things to worry about anyways, it wouldn't take much to throw them off his scent.

Dream subconsciously strengthened his resolve, building his walls up around himself, crafting layer after layer of protection; forcing indifference.

He wasn't going to act the same as he usually did, it would attract too much of the attention he desperately craved. He couldn't be too obvious, too much. They'd get quickly annoyed and it would potentially cause him to reveal his fucked up thoughts. On the other hand, he couldn't seem as (Dream wasn't actually, he reminded himself, but couldn't find another word to describe it) depressed as he'd been, it would either drive them away or force them closer against their wills.

Dream could be neutral, he could be normal. He would.

He glanced at the clock, thoughts finally winding down enough to try and rest. 7:30am, must've missed the house slowly filling with light. He sighed, turning on the coffee maker. Might as well get ready for the day.

Chapter End Notes

As always, any feedback is appreciated. I've really enjoyed reading + responding to y'all's comments. Haven't lost steam on this work yet...hopefully you don't lose patience with me XD

Much love!

5. They're here!

Chapter Notes

Ha...so I might recall promising a chapter like...Monday....sorry about that. 2 things real quick about that....

1. I've been *depressed* and have absolutely no motivation to do anything. So super short filler chapter here ig
2. Uh, according to my therapist I might have been manic writing before because I maybe didn't need sleep for like 2-3 days. But that's fiiine I'm just trying to not burn out. Exams were this week so I'm hoping to have some more *healthy* free time to write

I've really appreciated and enjoyed y'all's feedback on this story!! It's kinda starting slow, but looking to pick up here soon. Sorry to those who want happy Dream...it's gonna be a hot sec. Same thing with the smut...next chapter will have some for sure!

Dream stood stiffly at the terminal gate, glancing at his phone anxiously to check for the third time that he wasn't in the wrong place. He adjusted the lime green mask, the one he told George and Sapnap to look for to know it was him, and pulled down his hat.

He yawned. Staying up all night tended to leave Dream exhausted, but he knew that the minute he tried to rest he'd be wide awake.

A shriek sounded in front of him, "Dream!" then a solid body flinging into his own, nearly knocking the inattentive man down. Dream flinched away automatically, startled by the sudden contact. Besides Patches, he was alone nearly all the time. The arms around him were almost overwhelming. He stumbled back a few steps, arms flying up to the raven haired boy's shoulders to push him away.

"God, Sap. Warn a guy," he wheezed, forcing air back into his lungs. Sapnap threw wide puppy dog eyes up at him, the only part of his face truly visible behind his mask.

"But Dreaaam, I wanted to hug you," he whined. Dream's cheeks warmed slightly as he rolled his eyes at the younger boy, taking a step away proactively. A chuckle sounded from their right, forcing both of them to see George picking Sapnap's suitcase up from the floor.

"You wanted a hug so you assaulted him? Great job, darling. Come get your bag, I don't want to drag it around and you have two perfectly good arms," he snipped. Dream wheezed as Sapnap slunk over like a chastised child. "Nice to see you, Dream. Well, see your body. And what I see is fine." George leered, whistling between his teeth.

Dream choked on his spit, falling into a coughing fit as he tried to catch his breath. Bystanders glared at them while George and Sapnap broke out into loud laughter, irritated by the public coughing or noise, or both. He finally recovered, face fully red behind the thin cloth.

"Shut up, George," he complained lowly, uncomfortable by both the attention and comment. The brunette approached Dream for his own hug but was side-stepped as Dream glanced over at them.

“Do you have your bags? I parked just out here, it’s not too far of a walk” he rambled nervously, having barely avoided George’s contact. Both boys agreed, following Dream out of the terminal. “So Dream,” Sapnap chatted jovially, “are you gonna take off your mask and hat so we can see your face? Or is it a no-go?”

“Um, I, uh, I was just w-waiting until we got to the car,” he stuttered, anxiety flaring. Yeah they had already seen him, but the question seemed oddly intimate. “Ya know, mask regulations and stuff”

“Awwww, Dream’s shy” George cooed, causing Sapnap to break out in laughter again. Dream clamped down on the loose giggle that threatened to burst out of his chest, instead mumbling a “fuck you” under his breath, only causing the couple to laugh more.

Dream unlocked his car with the press of a button, hoisting open the trunk. “Sap, pass me your suitcase. My trunk’s kinda a mess, sorry.”

Sapnap smirked, having removed his own light blue mask, “only if you take your mask off first” he teased, hand clenching tightly onto the handle of his luggage. Dream looked briefly over to George, but the older man was already throwing his case into the backseat. “Fine,” he muttered, removing the covering and jamming it into his pocket.

Silence. Dream flushed, hand coming up awkwardly to remove his hat and scratch at his hair. He cleared his throat, “um, I-I can, uh, put it, um, back..”

“What the fuck? Who the hell let you be tall AND fucking, fuckin CUTE Dream??? That’s just-babe, tell him that’s not far!”

George turned around to face the younger duo, face lighting up at Dream’s profile. “Dream, you’re adorable” he simpered, throwing an arm around Sapnap’s waist as he did so. “I knew you said your hair was getting long, but not that you wore it up,” his tone breathy at the word. Sapnap nodded vigorously, “it suits you. You’re just...the perfect mix of handsome and hot and adorable and god, Dream. How long were you going to hide that from us?”

Dream’s face turned cherry red all the way to the tips of his ears, eyes looking anywhere but at the appreciative looks of his best friends. God, he hadn’t prepared for this...for them to be so, so...ugh! He replaced his hat, tugging it down further than before.

“You’re gonna be tempting Sap here, you know. He likes pretty little things.” Dream choked, forcing out an uncomfortable laugh when the other two giggled.

“I, uh, you don’t have to lie you know” he mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck shamefully, “Let’s get going. It’s, um, a bit of a drive, you know?”

George scoffed. “Like I’d lie about that, you know I wouldn’t.” Dream nearly jammed his fingers into the car door with nerves, fuck he wished George would shut up. A bubble of panic welled up under his skin, frantically trying to escape.

Thankfully, the couple got into the car (George in back, Sapnap in front) without embarrassing the taller more.

It was an awkward car ride, Dream thought. Definitely one of the more uncomfortable he’d experienced. The couple clearly tried to avoid his looks, having finally gotten it through their thick skulls that it made him agonizingly shy. That left them, however, to talk about inside conversations about George’s mom, Sapnap’s family. Not that Dream didn’t hear plenty about them, but it

seemed that they were conversing on a different level than him.

It did give him plenty of time to squash down every inappropriate feeling that trickled in. He definitely didn't spend any time lingering on the phantom feel of George's hands in the thick hair he'd commented on or on Sapnap's heated gaze scanning his entire body, leaving him blisteringly aroused.

The questions they did turn on Dream were fairly simple: how was Patches [good], was Drista enjoying her time in online school [in every class but math], was there any good takeout around the area [yes, we can order in tonight if you want?]. Every answer short, sweet, and easy, no hints of the anxiety he'd felt so often it seemed a part of him now. The rest of the ride concluded in silence, both passengers falling asleep or quietly paying attention to their phones. Every so often Sapnap would turn the music up or request to skip, but otherwise the car was blessedly quiet.

Dream let out a sigh as they pulled into his driveway, "we're home. Sapnap, wake up your boyfriend, he's drooling in my car." The younger giggled, throwing himself out of his seat and ripping open George's door.

"Oh George," he crooned, leaning down to kiss the older man. Dream blushed, cleared his throat, and opened the trunk. "I-I'll grab your stuff Sap." he stuttered, beating himself up internally at his reaction. It'd only been a few hours and he'd already been reacting to everything. He needed to step up his game.

"Thanks cutie," he flirted, batting his eyes, "you're so sweet to me." The older choked, ducking his head. "I told you, stop jokin' about that. I'm not....cute."

George yawned, leaning against Sapnap as he stood. "Shut it Dream, we're not blind....well, blind-blind. Sap, stop flirting and love me I'm tired."

The trio made it into the house without any problems, Patches bolting from her place near the door at the sight of two unknown people. Dream gestured with his arms spread wide, "well, this is it. Do you want a tour? I know it's nothing crazy or anything, but--"

Sapnap interrupted, "It's a nice place, Dream. I know your fans expect you to have, like, a McMansion or something, but this suits you better. It's fancy as hell though, damn! Show us around then!"

"Well, it's pretty open. Here's the living room, I really don't hang out here much unless people are over. Dining room- well, it's really supposed to be a dining area but I just kinda put a table down-here. Kitchen's through that archway, door to out back's there too. I've got a heated pool and hot tub you're free to use." Dream walked down the hall, couple following behind them. "These two doors are the guest rooms, well, this one was the guest room, the other was my set-up. I moved it into my room for now. Both are set up for you guys but like, don't feel obligated to stay separate...I'm not like, uh, room assigning or anything. Just wanted the option, ya know? But seriously, don't stress about it." he tugged at a loose piece of hair uncomfortably.

"I don't know if I can stand Sapnap for two weeks, thanks for being aware of that," George said solemnly. The raven haired man shoved George's arm off his waist, "you bitch, I can't stand you. It'll be nice for streaming though, thanks dude."

Dream waved them off, internally relaxing. In every situation he'd imagined, he hadn't expected bringing that up to go well. He cleared his throat, "right there, the first door on the other side, is the laundry room. Feel free to use whatever's in there any time. Second door's the guest bathroom, again use or leave whatever you want in there. Last door's my room..." he trailed off. "Like I said,

pretty small. Nothing too crazy.” George’s yawn broke the silence. Dream gave a crooked smile, “I’d imagine you’re tired, lots of travel. Why don’t you guys get settled in? I can order pizza, pepperoni and cheese okay?” They nodded. “Cool. I’ll order it in like half an hour? I just gotta get some stuff settled first.”

Sapnap smirked, “yeah? Gotta get stuff done? What do you gotta do, not post another video?” Dream rolled his eyes. “For real, thanks dude. George could use a nappy nap. We can hang later! Plenty of time to do activities...”

George smacked Sap’s shoulder, the younger boy whining. “Stop being gross, it’s nap time.”

Dream practically bolted into his room, door slamming behind him. Patches meowed from the bed, lazily glaring up at him. “I’m fucked,” he whispered.

6. Masturbation and Insecurities

Chapter Notes

Ay! I passed my exams! Then my brother got COVID while I was at my partner's...soooooo....I'm stuck here for another week haha. Don't worry, we isolated before getting tested (negative baybies!). I haven't had a ton of time alone to write, which is fine, my partner's read this work and all- I just usually write alone. Also, I'm not really stuck here. it's been awesome. Thank y'all again for all the amazing feedback and support on this, I'm tryin to get Dream happy I promise! But for now, enjoy a *tiny* smut and some other stuff. Hopefully another chapter out sometime tomorrow!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream flopped onto his bed, shoved his face into the pillows, and groaned. He really did have stuff to do...but that wasn't why he left his guests so abruptly. No, he was weak and knew it. The couple's flirting, their overly sexual comments one would expect from a couple with an average mental age of 15, was getting to him.

All of his carefully constructed- well, more like hastily thrown together- walls were crumbling and they'd only been with him for less than 6 hours. How was he going to get through two weeks of this??

Dream buried his head deeper into the pillows, face burning, as he recalled what caused the damage. First of all, their...comments about him. Look, he knew he wasn't the worst out there, some days he could even muster up a meh, but he wasn't anything special. He didn't have a masculine jaw, piercing eyes, glowing skin. He had a few acne scars scattering his cheeks, stubborn blemishes that kept popping up on his jawline no matter what he did, unruly stupid hair that never sat right. His nose wasn't straight from a purposely thrown elbow to the face in flag football, skin too pale compared to his usual tan from staying inside playing minecraft, body simultaneously too soft in some places and skinny in others. He wasn't surprisingly muscular like Sapnap appeared in try-hard post-gym-flex snapchats, he didn't have the soft vibes George exuded at times, nor the mischievous and dangerous side. He was just...Dream. Unremarkable and unassuming.

But God they were mean, weren't they? Teasing him, saying he was handsome, and hot, and cute? Dream didn't even come close to their attractiveness, how could they say that about him? They had to have decided beforehand to make fun of him, try and embarrass him or something, anything.

Embarrassed he was. And the teasing was the worst. They couple flirted shamelessly, almost to an aggressive point. They pushed every single button he had in a handful of offhanded comments. Sapnap gets tempted by pretty things...what did that even mean? He certainly wasn't pretty, let alone someone who could tempt anyone!

Dream's mouth went dry at the thought of Sapnap actually wanting him, the raven bursting into Dream's room and pinning the older boy down, wrists held in one strong hand. He'd force Dream's chin up with the other hand to make eye contact, muddy green meeting black. "Don't think you could hide from me, pretty boy," he'd growl, voice quiet and low.

Dream felt himself grow hard and pulled the pillow tighter to his face. No, he was NOT going to be getting off to his friend, especially when the man was across the hall for fuck's sake!

"But Dream," fantasy Sapnap purred, mouth so close to his ear he could practically feel his breath, "what if that's what I want, you all weak and needy for me?"

A low moan as Dream shifted and felt himself grind against the bed. This was getting a little too far, right? He'd have to order food soon and then face his friends, he couldn't get off now.

But would he be able to calm down before then and stay calm were the more important questions. It wouldn't do him any good to deny himself now and pop a boner while eating across from one of them due to his fucked up mind, right?

Dream flipped onto his back, face still covered by the pillow. He couldn't be vulnerable during this, couldn't look at himself. He slid his hand down his body, tracing the band of his sweatpants and dipping below. His back arched as he grasped himself, maybe just a little too tightly, feeling overwhelmed by the hot, moist skin. A soft, high-pitched sound slid between clenched teeth.

He forced the edge of the pillow into his mouth, stifling all future noises. Dream released his grip a little, hips jerking forwards to chase the just painful pressure, it was better than nothing, before sliding his hand up his shaft again. This time, a lewder, louder sound was thankfully muffled by the pillow. Dream clenched his eyes shut, hot tears prickling at the surface, this wasn't working alone.

He imagined George pressing his hand against his mouth, shaking his head disapprovingly. "No, Dream," he'd say gently, "I don't want to hear you. Just let Sapnap play."

A hot bolt of lightning passed through him, lighting up all of his nerves for a moment. Then he was pressing down on his cock, just on the edge of too much, imagining it was Sapnap with a mean smirk on his face. "Yeah, all you're here for is to be my plaything, you did tempt me and all, and now you're horny like a fucking bitch. I can do whatever I want to you and you're just gonna have to take it." Dream keened into the pillow, jerking himself faster. That's what Sapnap would do, make him take it at whatever pace he wanted, punish him, hurt him so good, make him desperate for more and, and-

He pulled his hand away like touching hot coals, forcing his body to stop the ever-growing tidal wave of pleasure from flooding over. Dream's eyes squeezed tighter shut as every muscle seemed to tense at once. It fucking hurt, it always did, but it felt so unbelievably good at the same time.

"Now, are you going to be a good slut for me and cum, or are you going to force me to work so hard again and ruin it?" Sapnap would bite out. Dream let out a quiet cry, nodding in his fantasy, before returning his hand to a pace twice as fast as before. This drew an ever sharper and higher yelp from his mouth as the skin scrapped raw, too dry and too much at once. He kept up the pace, body overwhelmed and making just too much noise, closer than ever. He'd tense up, trying to tell the couple that he was so, so close.

George's voice, low and dangerous, would sound again "You want it baby? You desperate for us? Then cum."

Dream choked into the pillow as he came, hard, over his hand, cock still twitching from the fantasy words. He had barely come down from the afterglow when he realized hot, wet tears were dripping down his face, a tight clamp around his chest, and he curled into himself, disgusted at what he'd done.

Meanwhile, George and Sapnap finished hastily putting away their clothes and toiletries from their luggage, movements made clumsy by fatigue. They settled in Sapnap's room to collapse onto clean grey sheets.

"Babeeeee, I wanna cuddle," Sapnap whined, making grabby hands at the older man. George chuckled weakly, setting his phone down on the bedside table before turning to his needy boyfriend.

"Fine, but only cause you're being a bitch." They giggled over the curse, sleep deprivation evident. George opened his arms as an invitation to the raven haired man who gladly took it, collapsing into the older's embrace. Sapnap snuggled further into him, ignoring the complaints about his hair getting in the brunette's mouth.

George ran his free hand through Sapnap's unruly mop of hair, exasperated. As glad as he was to be with his best friends, his boyfriend's aggressive cuddling was going to be the death of him. The aforementioned man twitched in his arms, a well-known sign of him falling asleep. A sleepy smile graced George's face as eyelids felt heavy. He fell asleep to soft breathing on his neck and the warmth of his partner's love.

Dream controlled his breathing, forcing his racing thoughts into submission. He couldn't afford for anyone to find out he was panicking, or why he was panicking. It was fine, he was fine; everything was fine. Sometimes you just jerk off thinking about your friends doing so, right? That was totally normal and not at all creepy, huh?

Who was he kidding- it was quite possibly the most fucked up thing he'd ever done! But he couldn't focus on that now, he had to clean up and pretend nothing happened.

He uncurled from his ball of self-hated and sluggishly slumped into the bathroom, turning the shower on automatically. He knew he had to shut these thoughts down, throw the drawbridge up before George or Sapnap could find out what dirty, twisted secrets he held inside.

Before he knew it, he was standing under the tepid spray. Dream blinked, water dripping into his eyes. He didn't feel...there. Like, he knew he was there in the shower, but it felt a few inches off, like his body wasn't in the same place as his brain.

It took him a few more moments to realize the tears had stopped. In fact, everything had stopped. Dream didn't feel anything then, he just was numb. It felt weird, unusual to not be feeling a whirlwind of emotions, but good.

He got out of the shower and dialed up his favourite pizza place, ordering triple his usual order for delivery, on autopilot. He could do this...empty for now, right? It gave him some time to re-settle himself firmly into his internal boundaries.

The pizza would be here in half an hour, giving him enough time to dry his hair before the other two needed to be retrieved from, well, whatever they were doing.

20 minutes later, Dream stood hesitantly outside Sapnap's door. George's was open, nothing inside except for a dark blue suitcase, suggesting both boys were in the other's room. He felt more grounded in himself than before, still muted but mostly back. He summoned all his courage and

knocked on the door twice, hands shaking only a little.

A minute passed with no response. Dream knocked again, this time a little louder. Again, nothing. He gulped, gently opening the door.

“G-guys? It’s, uh, been a-a minute. The pizza should-“ he cut himself off, heart clenching weakly at the sight of George and Sapnap sleeping, the older’s face buried into soft-looking black hair, limbs tangled into each other. George let out a soft sound, causing Dream to flinch back as if he’d been hit and bumping into the dresser. Brown eyes blinked open, hazily staring at Dream.

“I, uh, it’s-uh, I-I was comin to, uh, wake you guys up for dinner? It’ll be here in, um, 10? I-If you want to get, ah, up?” he squeaked out. George smiled evilly and sighed, flicking Sapnap’s ear. The younger whined, “owwww, Georgeee.”

Dream blushed at Sapnap’s voice, fantasy flickering in before being shut down again. “Dream? What, are you looking to cuddle?” the raven haired man asked while rubbing his eyes. Red spread to his ears and deepened as George smirked. “What?! No, it’s-it’s dinner. Whatever! Just come out when you’re ready!”

Before George could make a smart comment, Dream had slammed the door shut and left. Sapnap giggled, flopping against his partner and kissing him gently before rising, stomach begging for food

Chapter End Notes

as usual, all feedback is greatly appreciated!! love y’all, take care of y’all’selves

7. Movies, hidden thoughts, and pizza

Chapter Notes

Guys i've literally been shook by the reception to this work. I've never had this many people see, let alone appreciate, something i've written. Along the same thread, I've never stuck with a work this long. I'm glad you're here through this journey.

In other news, I didn't just pass all my classes- I got all A's (and 1 A- lol). Thank god for the end of the semester, I need a nice long break. Of course not from this!

As always, enjoy. Thank you and know that I appreciate and care for all of you. Please feel free to reach out with any ideas, suggestions, feedback, or simply to talk. I'm someone you can talk to if need be <3 stay safe and healthy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eating went by smoothly, if by smoothly you meant Dream being forced to stare at the table to avoid eye contact with either of his two guests. The boys had praised the pizza, citing Dream's "beautiful taste" for greasy, cheesy, ooey-gooey goodness. Dream insisted on clearing up alone, not wanting to make his guests nor get stuck with one of them directly for too long. Sapnap and George were shooed to the couch as Dream wiped down the table and plates.

"So, any plans for today?" George called from across the room. Dream shook his head absentmindedly, tongue poking out the side of his mouth as he scrubbed at particularly stubborn patch of dried cheese. The brunette frowned, that was his plate Dream was scrubbing, he should at least offer to help again? Sapnap caught the older moving to stand and gently pulled him back down, catching his shoulder to whisper into his ear, "C'mon babe, can't you tell he's stressed? Maybe cleaning helps him, probably would the fuckin weirdo."

George punched Sap's shoulder, ignoring the puppy eyes thrown his way. "Just because not all of us choose to live in filth doesn't mean it's weird to clean," he paused, taking in Dream's profile a minute, "but yes, he is acting kind of weird...right?"

"Yeah, at first I thought he was just nervous about doing his face reveal to us, but it's been goin' on all day. You think he regrets having us?" Sapnap's voice dropped on the last sentence, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth. George clucked his tongue and removed it gently with his thumb, catching the small dilation of the younger's pupils with the movement.

"Of course not, we've practically been planning this for years," George scoffed. The frown didn't leave his face though as he studied Dream loading the dishwasher. "We'll figure it out, darling. Besides, you can have some more fun doing so."

Sapnap giggled, leaning forwards to place a small kiss on his boyfriend's nose. "Like you're not enjoying it too. He's just so...responsive, even more so in person than online. Besides, he's pretty, Georgie! Quieter, though."

George nodded, "much quieter. It's almost like he's walking on eggshells, ri-oh, shut up Sap!" switching conversation rapidly.

Dream collapsed into a nearby armchair, wiping excess water from his hands onto his shirt.
“What’d he do this time?”

Fortunately, Sapnap knew how to lie. “I didn’t do anything! If anything, George was bothering ME with all his ‘you should clean your kitchen like Dream’ talk!” he teased, looking for the Floridian’s surely amusing reaction.

Unfortunately, Dream’s face dropped. “Oh, um, yeah. I’m a little- got a little thing f-for cleaning, ya know? Sorry...” he led off, hand rising to scratch at the back of his neck.

“Don’t apologize, Dream. Us older, more mature people can respect a clean kitchen, one you won’t get food poisoning from?” George stared pointedly at the raven haired man.

“It was one time! I told you the leftovers weren’t good but nooo, you wanted chicken curry, huh?”

Dream heart began to race at the argument ensuing. While both partners easily saw their everyday banter being thrown back and forth, Dream tended to be more literal. And he had been isolating himself for so long he had forgotten. He subtly dug bitten nails into his hands, centering himself.

George was the first to notice that their banter didn’t have the same effect on the younger.
“Dream?”

He snapped out of it. “Y-yeah?” f

“You okay?”

Dream paused, eyes shutting tightly of their own volition. He wanted so badly to just confess, get the self-hate and anxiety and shame out. But that wasn’t an option, not with them. He plastered on a fake smile, one he hoped would mimic what they’d imagined he’d give when cocky on the SMP or winning a manhunt. “Of course, why do you ask?”

Sapnap butted in before George could respond, “well you haven’t been flirting with me. If you’re uncomfortable I can stop, I know it’s...different, being here in person that is.”

The green eyed man internally panicked, brain screaming at him to get out of this situation, fast! “Oh come on now,” he drew out, best manhunt faking in full force while dull nails sparked sharp pain in the heel of his palm, “all you had to do was tell me you weren’t getting enough attention, Pandas.”

Sapnap seemed easily convinced by Dream’s 180, George noted. It was harder to fool the older man, having grown used to dragging hidden meaning from the youngest. He noticed the likely painful clenching of Dream’s teeth, the way his shoulders were rigid from being forced not too high not too low, the flexed forearms ending in fists. George knew there was more to it than Dream simply not knowing, but he also knew better than to try and pull it from the younger one right now.

He knew what the best course of action was to get more information, “I think we should watch a movie.”

It was almost amusing how fast both heads turned to him, equal looks of confusion on their faces. “I’m still kind of tired from so much travel, having a calm night in would be nice. Besides, gives me a chance to cuddle with my two best friends.”

Sapnap’s hand squeezed his own, amusement coloring his partner’s face, dark eyes sparkling beautifully. If George could kiss him senseless right now he would. Dream, on the other hand, looked neutral, tension from before gone- more likely masked.

If he was anything like his minecraft character, it was that: masked. It seemed something he did more often than not if he could do so this smoothly, someone who hasn't known him like I do wouldn't see it. George realized.

"Sure," the tallest shrugged, "Can't say i'll be cuddling, Sapnap here's too smelly for that, but a movie sounds nice. We could watch out here?"

Sapnap's eyes blazed, "I do NOT smell! And OF COURSE I'll shower before, it's like a sleepover! We have to watch it curled up in bed." he ended with puppy dog eyes, ones that George was immune to but Dream wasn't. George saw the minute his face softened, then flickered with some other emotion, something not so kind, then fell back into neutral.

Unlike the cool facade he presented, his voice betrayed him. "I-there's no TV in your rooms? Unless you want to watch on a laptop, but that'd be--"

"Is there in your room?" The room went quiet. George worried he pushed too far this time when Dream looked panicked for a moment before recovering.

"yes, uh, but my room's a disaster. It's embarrassing," he managed to spin an anxious giggle into sounding self-deprecating, almost catching himself from the stumble. "But if you really insist, we can set up blankets and pillows out here and have a sleepover, Sap."

While Sapnap and George got ready for bed, Dream set up the living room. What was he thinking, agreeing to this? All of this? It was the exact opposite of his plan: to distance himself from the couple to protect himself. Now they wanted him up close and personal, practically demanding it. How was he supposed to hide now?

Dream shoved down the building panic, he did NOT have time for this now. Later, when his friends were back in their rooms and he was locked into his own. That's when he's allowed to feel, panic, stop breathing and drop dead for all he cares!

He didn't get a moment's break as the duo strolled out hand in hand. Sapnap saw the nest Dream had made and flopped into it unceremoniously. George only rolled his eyes with a small smile lighting up his face. God, Dream thought, I wish he'd look at me even remotely like that. I could die happy.

The blonde shook his head, trying to scramble George's soft expression from his immediate memory but finding it burned into his retinas. "I'll, uh, go get the snacks," he mumbled, racing away.

When he returned, he found them on opposite sides of the pile, leaving only a spot in the middle. Hell. No.

"Oh come on, what side am I on? Who gets Dream's affection tonight?" he quipped, waiting for one to scooch over. George shook his head, gesturing to the middle spot. "There was an argument that ended in rock paper scissors. After five ties in a row we just decided to share. It's not like we bite," he teased.

Dream's stomach flipped, almost causing him to drop the popcorn to the floor. "of course not," he found himself responding, "but I might."

He sat, leaning back across the pillows stiffly as George settled on a cheesy Netflix Original movie, aware of every inch of skin touching him: George's hip touching his, Sapnap's hand on his

shoulder.

Dream sat still, not daring to move a single inch. His counterparts had no such courtesy, they wiggled and twitched and cuddled impossibly closer and into him. By the time the main character (for the life of him he couldn't remember her name) and her best friend fought, Sapnap had sprawled Dream's stomach while George's head was on his shoulder, his soft hand tracing Dream's slightly larger one.

And oh how good it felt to have them leaning on him, kept warm by their contact. Dream might've died and gone to whatever good place there was.

But how wrong. These were his friends, his best friends, who were dating. He couldn't come in here and ruin them, be selfish, take their attention and time and love. Dream was not- he couldn't- it wasn't-

He stood, shaking off his companion's bodies amid grumbles and griping. He mumbled about having to piss, practically running to the bathroom. As soon as he stepped into the hall bathroom, his chest collapsed into itself. He gasped then seized control, forcing his breath into squares, circles, triangles. Some stray tears lingered, hastily brushed away by harsh fingers.

How fucking WEAK was he? It'd been hours, HOURS! Since his last panic attack. He couldn't do this, not here, not now. He'd go back, give an excuse to leave the movie, ignore every challenge they threw at him and perverted thought and just be normal.

Without looking in the mirror, Dream flushed the toilet and washed his hands. It'd already been too long, one of them could say something. He just needed to give his excuse and leave goddamnit!

Dream stumbled back into the dimmed living room, both boys turned to look at him.

"I-I've got a headache, gonna have to ditch the movie," he murmured.

George stood up while Sapnap paused the movie. "We can finish it tomorrow? Are you sure you're okay, Dream?" He leaned closer to the younger male, hand on his own clenched fist, forcing fingernails to leave throbbing divots. "Your eyes are red."

Fuck. "I, uh, haven't taken my contacts out yet. It's kinda late." Yikes, he didn't wear contacts. But...did they know that?

"I didn't know you wore glasses?" Sapnap queried. Dream nodded, maybe a little too vigorously. "my vision's not that bad, mostly just wear them for blue light. But, uh, sometimes I wear them?" That came out as a question, not an answer. The only question that mattered now was if either of them called him out.

George. "You're lying."

Dream's face dropped at once. George had only a moment's notice before Sapnap was pulling his hand away, "I think give him a minute, okay babe? Hey, Dreamie, it's gonna be okay dude. Are you--"

A...sound left Dream's throat, too guttural and animalistic to name. It ripped through him, shoulder's curling inwards and shaking. He took a step back, eyes dead to the floor, but a solid body came behind his own to stop his path.

His head jerked upwards at the contact, sinking black hole forming in his chest. He had to get out, be away, just fucking...breathe!

A solid body behind his, arms firmly crossed against his chest. Soft words in his ear. A gentler touch on his shoulders, pushing him to the ground. The bear-hugger followed, not letting go.

“in....and out. Okay, you’re okay. In....and out. You’re safe. Just breathe with me, alright? You’re doing great. In...-“ oh, those were the words in his ear, deep, quiet voice hitting home. Dream mimicked the rise and fall of the chest behind him, tightness decreasing gradually. Gentle fingers were prying his fingers open, stinging sensation filling his hands. His eyes opened to see red-raw marks cut into his palms. Damn.

The arms around his chest released but he still lay heavily against them, exhaustion forcing his hand.

Warm fingers under his chin, guiding eyes that were stuck on his palms up to a concerned face, brown doe eyes swirling with emotion.

He didn’t speak though. No, Dream was simply caught in his gaze. Both of them seemed stuck, that is.

He forgot about the other, Sapnap. “Dream?”

Chapter End Notes

We’re FINALLY getting somewhere. Probably gonna be looking at smut in a chapter or two, depending. Looking to get another chapter out by next Monday!!

8. Panic attacks & more

Chapter Notes

WOW! Okay I'm crying here guys. Genuinely shook by the love this work is getting. Y'all's support and comments gets me so excited to just WRITE! So I did...hopefully I don't spoil you too much with two chapters in a row? Maybe I've already started the next, maybe it'll come out soon. Who knows.

I've appreciated all your kind words so much, enjoy your reward, or positive reinforcement for commenting and hyping me up ig

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap repeated himself in a voice softer than Dream had ever heard, one that made him crave hearing it again. But he didn't react, didn't know how to react that is. How does one behave after having a panic attack in front of their best friends who they also have a crush on and fantasize about?

George cleared his throat, "Dream." Spoken more firmly than Sap's, but gentle. The blonde's eyes focused on George, unable to ignore the man crouching directly in front of him.

"I-I'm fine," he said hoarsely, throat dry. Sapnap snorted behind him. George glared at the younger, "are you serious?" he bit out. The youngest shrugged, Dream's torso moving along with him.

"I mean, do you believe him? How are you gonna say 'fine' like that after having an anxiety attack?"

Dream huffed at Sap's words, seeing the contradiction. Oh well, in for a penny, in for a pound, right? It's not like he could hide them anymore. He had to throw them a bone, give them something to not find out the true cause: them. "Panic attack, I guess. And I meant I'm okay now, better?"

Sapnap rolled his eyes, "well yeah, you're not hyperventilating anymore which is good, but I wouldn't say you're fine now. How long have you been having those?" Dream shrugged this time, "I don't know. I had them when I was in high school every so often before I did online, but they mostly stopped for a while. I guess they started back up a few months back, maybe 3?"

The room was quiet for a minute, Dream's mind starting to race. What did he say wrong? Why weren't they saying anything? Why-

George spoke quietly, almost timidly, "around when we told you we were dating then?"

Fuck. He totally messed that one up. Okay, recovery now. He schooled his expression into a confused look, tilting his head slightly to the side in consideration. "I-I guess? I didn't really remember that's when I found out about you guys, but sure, if it's easier for you to say it that way." Another long silence followed. Dream cleared his throat again.

"How often have you been having them?" Sapnap asked calmly. Double fuck. Another shrug. "I don't know, every few days I guess. Sometimes more." He didn't have to tell them that nearly all

of the attacks were about them, more occurring when the dream team recorded together.

George raised a brow, “more? Like every day?” Dream’s cheeks flushed, barely nodding his head to the question. The older could read the answer on his face without the nod.

“And you didn’t think to tell us?” Sapnap spoke coolly, causing Dream to shiver against him.

“We’re your best friends, we talk like every day- well, used to. You didn’t think to mention ‘oh, hey. By the way. I’ve been having panic attacks nearly every day for months and it’s probably negatively affecting my life?’”

“Well what did you want me to say?” Dream snapped, “‘pay attention to me instead of focusing on your own lives?’ Or how about, ‘hey I haven’t messaged or been online for days because I can’t stop panicking long enough to focus.’ Would you have really wanted that text?”

“YES!” Sapnap hollered, pushing Dream out of his lap and grabbing his shoulders to whip the older boy around, “YES, I WOULD have wanted that text instead of you being so stubborn and continuing to fall apart all alone!”

Dream was shaking again, this time anxiety intermixed with anger, “you’re lying. That’s ridiculous, who the fuck wants to deal with someone like that?” George laid a hand on Dream’s shoulder to be immediately pushed off.

“We want to! We’re your friends, god damn it! If you hadn’t been so stupid we could’ve addressed this earlier and wouldn’t be here right now, you idiot!” Dream froze, Sapnap’s words spearing his heart like icicles. Wouldn’t be here right now...

“Sap, shut up and calm down or fucking go away.” George sounded mad. The youngest man huffed, drawing in a long breath and letting it out slowly. “Dream,” he turned to the brunette, “he’s not wrong. I would’ve stopped whatever I was doing if you had texted that you needed to talk about that, or anything really. I’m your best friend, I want to know what’s good and what’s bad in your life, I want you to be happy, do you understand? You matter to me. Sapnap misspoke at the end there, he meant we wouldn’t be in this position, you hurting and falling apart, okay? I for one am thrilled to be here with you, it shouldn’t have taken a pandemic for us to meet up. Do you understand?” He nodded, still unsure but desperate to end the conversation.

Sapnap cursed under his breath, “fuck, dude, I didn’t- George is right. I didn’t mean it like that. I just- seein’ you like that was scary, I can’t imagine you dealing with that all alone for months now, okay?”

“It’s okay Sap, I knew what you meant,” lie, “for real though, it hasn’t been this bad,” another lie, “I think I just got stressed about everything being perfect for when you guys got here and it pushed me too far,” not too far from the truth that time, “I’m okay now,” lie, “I just want to go to bed and forget about this, if that’s okay?” truth there.

The couple agreed. They helped Dream clean up their blankets and departed for bed with lingering hugs, entering doors on opposite sides of the hallway.

Dream collapsed onto his bed, tears immediately choking him. He was fucking stupid, he couldn’t even last ONE DAY? There wasn’t much he could do now though, best to just absolutely fucking pretend it didn’t happen and move forwards, huh?

The next days passed without much fanfare- the dream team streamed on the SMP, they recorded a

new manhunt (made extra funny by the fact that they could faintly hear the others screams of frustration or fear), and posted teaser pics on Twitter (with Dream's entire body covered with a sheet like a ghost). They didn't talk about his meltdown, and Dream got better at only wreaking down at night when his tears were muffled by a pillow.

The flirting only got worse, Sapnap becoming more physically affectionate as if he could heal Dream like an emotional support animal and George throwing Dream such soft expressions that the younger's entire body heated up.

Dream, on the other hand, was doing everything in his power to not address his affection for the two men. He hadn't jerked off in like a week, knowing that the minute he touched himself that one of his friends would be the object of his fantasy. The caveat to that was that he was fucking desperate. As much as he didn't want his friends to leave (besides night one this had been the best his mental health had been for months), he needed to get fucked and couldn't do that with them here.

"Hey, I have an idea of what we could do tonight," Sapnap offered. Dream was immediately on edge, knowing the younger man's tendencies. "We should get fucked up."

Surprisingly, George was game. So him and Dream were off to the nearest liquor store, Sapnap staying back with Patches as he couldn't buy anyways.

None of them drank regularly. They were nerds in school (or outside of school, for some of them). They didn't party, go clubbing, go out a whole lot. They were experienced with alcohol, but it was a once in a while indulgence rather than expected.

Sapnap offered truth or dare as the game of choice, George and Dream agreeing. It was a good game, Sapnap being just the right side of fearless while George knew how to make you squirm answering a truth. Dream flickered from one side to another, truly enjoying himself.

They were all a little more than tipsy when the game took a turn.

"Georgie-worgie, truth or dare," Sapnap led, laying his head in Dream's lap. The blonde giggled, leaning back on his elbows to glance at George. The oldest man was cross legged leaning against the sofa. "Truth."

"If you had to make out with anyone from the SMP who would it be?" As George opened his mouth to answer, Sapnap jerked upwards, "AND it can't be me!"

George sighed, bobbing his head to the chill music they had playing in the background. "I guess Dream," he teased, batting his eyes at the younger who promptly choked on his drink.

"WHATTTTTT?" Dream cried out between coughs, George and Sap breaking out in laughter. "Well who else would you want me to choose? Bad? Skeppy? Fundy's yours but I guess he could work..." George pretended to contemplate while Dream broke down wheezing.

It took the trio nearly 5 minutes to calm down, every time they got close someone's giggle would set the others off. Dream felt more at ease than in awhile, surrounded by the people he loved and NOT thinking about fucking them for once.

"Dreamie, truth or dare?" The green-eyed man sat up straight, swaying heavily for a moment before recovering with a wheeze.

George giggled, waving a hand over-exaggerated at the younger, "you're slowing down and doing a truth, if that's how wavy you are sitting down you're not standing up. Who would you rather

kiss, me or Sappy?”

Dream's cheeks, already lightly stained pink from the drinks, flamed fire-engine red. Sapnap reached up to pinch at one, cooing softly. “Aww...you embarrassed the pretty baby, Georgie!”

His breath hitched at Sapnap's teasing words, inebriated mind flashing him other situations where Sap might call him baby...pinning his hips down with a forearm while fingering him open, after fucking his throat raw, during-

“Earth to Dream,” Sap sang from his lap, “you gotta answer. Would you rather kiss *gag* George, or the most handsome man you've ever seen?”

“Oh, hush babe. You got an awfully big head over there. Why would Dream kiss you when he could have the best make-out session with me instead?” George dropped his voice, drawing shivers up Dream's spine.

Sapnap sat up to lean more on Dream, chin settling on the older's shoulder. “Oh yeah? You want to bet on that babe?” he teased, eyes flashing with amusement. George smirked, eyes jaded, “Of course, if Dreamie-baby wants to serve as judge?”

He blinked, eyebrows furrowing for a moment. He'd zoned out fantasizing, “judging what?” he mumbled. George was a lot closer than before, cupping his cheek gently. Without thinking, Dream leaned into it heavily, sighing in contentment. Alcohol hid the shame he would've felt from the action...for now at least.

“Judging who could kiss you better,” George said lowly, watching as Dream's pupils dilated and jaw slackened at the words. Oh, so that's how it is... “Only if you agree though,” Sapnap drew out, throwing puppy dog eyes up at the blonde who looked simply overwhelmed.

Something in the back of Dream's brain told him to stop, now! But why would he? They wanted his input...and he desired it possibly even more than they did. What's so wrong with that logic? He glanced up to George, who hovered in front of him, flickering his green eyes down to chapped, pink lips.

George smirked, grabbing Dream's chin with fingertips, “just gotta say you're in, baby,” he drawled.

“Please,” Dream breathed out. George inhaled sharply, closing his eyes and leaning into the younger man.

George kissed with his whole heart behind it, gentle but firm lips against his own. Dream leaned into the older with a sigh, soft hands grasping his cheeks keeping him where George wanted him. His hands crept up George's back, simply holding him. The older groaned into the kiss, pressing deeper against Dream, flickering his tongue against the blonde's lips, delving further inwards as his partner opened slightly. Their tongues met, shooting electricity down Dream's spine. A whimper came from deep within, escaping seemingly without the man's knowledge. It only spurred George on, smiling against Dream's lips.

Sapnap watched from his perch over Dream's shoulder. He hid a smirk, knowing he would easily win this competition from seeing the blonde's response to George's attempt. But really, he knew they were all winning here tonight.

George pulled back, swiping his thumb under Dream's eye lovingly. The younger whined needily, pouting at the loss of a warm mouth against his own. The older chuckled low, exchanging a short

kiss with his boyfriend before switching places. Dream's eyes, heavily lidded, opened to see Sapnap's shark-like grin in front of him. "Ready for the winner, baby boy?" he rasped. Dream nodded, eyes wide with anticipation before sliding shut swiftly.

He waited politely for a moment as Sapnap's hand traced up from his shoulder, passing his throat (where Dream shuddered, to his amusement), curving to the scruff of his neck, sliding upwards into long blonde hair. Dream moaned at the feeling of fingers entangling into his hair, a sweet, desperate sound that left both sides of the couple shifting. Sapnap recovered quickly, grasping at strands just under the crown of Dream's scalp and pulling his head back, throat bared, and kissing the older roughly, lips just the right side of harsh.

Hands gripped Sapnap's waist, digging into soft flesh pleasantly. The raven haired man smirked, digging teeth gently into Dream's plump lower lip, nibbling momentarily and pulling back before releasing his grip. Another moan came out as Dream attempted to slide his tongue into Sapnap's mouth only to be stopped by a firm tug on his hair, tilting his head even further back. Sap took the opportunity to shallowly dip his tongue into Dream's, teasing the seam of his lips tauntingly. Look, he seemed to say, I can do this. YOU can't.

Sapnap departed with a final suck and nip to Dream's lower lip, drawing back to see the blonde's lips still slack and slick, pupils blown wide, high pitched whine escaping.

George cleared his throat from Dream's left side, causing the aforementioned boy to lazily catch his eyes. "So, baby," he drawled, "you have a winner?"

Dream's blissed out expression faded slightly as he regarded both George and Sapnap, glancing between the two. Anxiety crossed his face, tension settling back into softened shoulders. "I, I-uh, y-you..." he stumbled, eyes widening scared.

Sapnap's hand scritchd gently where it remained on his scalp, some tension sinking back down. "Yeah," he drew out lowly, "we did. And yes, we've talked about this. So don't frown baby, you don't wanna mark up that pretty little face, huh?" The blush had never really faded, but it grew until it reached the tips of ears and back of his neck. "So the only question here is do you have a winner, or do you need more," he cleared his throat, "data."

A raised eyebrow from George above eyes dark with arousal gave Dream even more reassurance. The tipsiness he'd felt earlier had faded, leaving him loose, but mentally there. He knew this would fuck with him later, he knew it. But the reward was almost worth the risk...

His silence was just long enough for George and Sapnap to exchange a concerned look. A small 'ahem' had their gazes shooting back to the green-eyed boy's. His lips, swollen and slick, nearly bruised, twitched into a smirk heavy with need.

"Give me what you got."

Chapter End Notes

I HOPE YOU DON'T HATE ME FOR THIS CLIFFHANGER!!! Also, sorry for the weak ass transition, I wanted to try and keep it movin'.

If you can't tell, next chapter's likely gonna be the first *big* smut. Super excited to get into that for y'all.

As always, feel free to leave feedback or suggestions! I genuinely get so much

serotonin from reading y'all's comments, it's really inspiring me to push a little harder each time. Love y'all lots, please feel free to reach out for anything you may need or want

AND TO THOSE OF YOU WITH EXAMS OR TESTS COMING UP: GOOD LUCK!!! GO STUDY, GET OFF AO3 C'MON GUYS

9. sex

Chapter Summary

Sapnap, George, and Dream have *Sex*

Chapter Notes

Two updates in one day? Y'all're spoiled...enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They stumbled into George's room, giggling and tripping over each other. Sapnap pushed Dream into a sitting position on the edge of the bed, sitting in the older man's lap heavily enough that Dream let out a deep kean. George watched in amusement as the raven haired man returned to devour the blonde again, fully returning to their original make out. He'd let the younger man have his fun for a moment, making out was harmless, wasn't it?

A few moments passed, heavy with muffled sounds between the two men. George coughed deliberately, drawing both pairs of eyes onto him.

"Sap, give him a moment to breath, won't you babe?" The younger man obliged, releasing Dream, rather debauched, from his grasp. "Dream, do you understand what we're inviting you to?" A slow nod, green eyes wide and wary met his own brown. "I think we're all sober enough to consent to this," Sapnap hummed in response, Dream agreeing as well, "but I want to check in now. If you're not comfortable at any time, let us know. We've discussed this, Sap and I know our limits. We will stop if it's needed, understand?" another nod, "good. Feel free to continue, I'll just be over here getting rid of my top, going to ignore me again, hm?" he teased.

Sapnap rolled his eyes, standing to face George, hands gripping the worn t-shirt and pulling, snatching the other's mouth.

Dream sat watching from his position on the bed, clearly understanding the intention behind George's little speech. He was only there for sex. Sap and George must've talked about it, wanting something fun but wouldn't ruin their relationship, they knew their limits. He was convenient, a friend, someone they didn't have to worry about telling the internet. He wasn't someone who would catch feelings, to their incorrect assumptions. He wasn't someone they wanted, all three of them knowing that, not someone they loved. Simply an option. Dream was okay being that, he didn't need the affection of a relationship, as much as he wasn't against it, sex would clear up his fantasies, make him feel less desperate. This was good, simple, mindless, forgettable sex.

He snapped back to the show in front of him, understanding that this was his line being set-showing the pure affection and love from one to another. This was what he wasn't allowed, the tender moments shared between the partners. He understood, ignoring the ache deep within.

George's shirt was off, Sapnap's pushed high up his abdomen like someone thought about removing it, then got distracted. Honestly, that was likely what happened if their locked lips

showed anything. Dream took the time to remove his own shirt, throwing it onto the pillows, before pressing onto his growing erection. Just because he wasn't allowed this dedicated intimacy didn't mean he couldn't benefit from it, right?

Their kiss was electric, Sapnap eager to speed up, as usual. The older had to slow him down, backing away when necessary. Sap was young, not that it meant inexperienced George had explained, and eager. He moved quickly, which was good, sometimes you needed the heat and speed. But, as George had showed him time and time again, slowing down, drawing every millimeter of pleasure from sex, unrushed and deliberate action, could be the meanest torment and sweetest reward simultaneously. They were yin and yang, a perfect storm about to descend upon Dream...

Dream, who was currently rushing it, touching himself far too early- granted through his clothes. George broke away, tapping Sapnap's cheek to put him off from mouthing at his neck, younger boy grinning at Dream's faux pas by George's standards. "Dream," George interjected, "hands off."

The younger jerked, hands flying obediently to settle on the bed next to his thighs, guilt evident on his face, "I-I'm sorry, I-"

"Don't need any excuses, baby, it wasn't fair for us to tease you like that, huh? Pull you in here and make you watch all alone. Certainly something you could've thought of alone if you wanted to..." George mocked, feeling out for some emotional thread to latch onto.

He got it. Dream's eyes dropped immediately to the floor, fingers twitching against the bed covers. He practically reeked of guilt, a drop of blood in the water to a shark. George grinned, pushing away from Sapnap. The dark haired man fully removed his shirt and pants, boxers alone remaining, and sat in the middle of the bed. It'd be nice to see George work while not being the one under his grasp.

Soft fingers tilted Dream's head up, green eyes already watery with tears. Oh, George was going to tear him apart and bring him back together.

"It's something you definitely could've fantasized about, huh?" he asked tenderly. His demeanor turned sharp, dropping Dream's face, "probably have already, filthy boy," he condemned meanly.

Dream's shoulders hitched, absolutely taut with tension. His fingers tangled together, knuckles white.

"Sap, what're we supposed to do with him? He's been thinking dirty thoughts about us. How does that make you feel?" George queried, false concern coloring his voice. Brown eyes met black, sending a hidden message of turned the fuck on. Dream thought about them. Sapnap smirked, taking George's hand off in stride.

He hummed from behind the older boy, who flinched at the sudden sound. Oh this was fun, seeing the reactions from outside. Sap could understand George's fascination with his art. "I'm not sure," he replied, "I mean, flattered of course. I am hot as fuck," George rolled his eyes, "makes me feel used, babe. Think he deserves to feel the same way, hm?"

George's eyes filled with approval, he supposed Sapnap learned from the best. His tone was dead on, message adequate. He pretended to think about it, "I guess that makes sense, eye for an eye. Maybe if he's good," his voice sharpened at the word, "he'll earn a reward. If he can be good that is?"

Dream's guilt melted into agitation, returning eye contact of his own volition. "I-I'm, can be g-, I can be good" he muttered shifting weight uncomfortably. George lit up, hand returning to cup the man's cheek once again, "good to hear you can. Why don't you start by taking your pants off?"

Bed covers ruffled as Dream struggled to rip off his grey sweatpants revealing black boxer briefs tented underneath. George straddled the younger man, sliding his hands up blonde's thighs and up his chest. Dream shivered at the sensation, running his hands across George's back.

"Dream, can I kiss you again?" he murmured, getting an eager nod in return. Lips pressed together once again, this time with a little more force behind it, George wanting Dream to understand the couple was in charge tonight, he belonged to them. God, the younger man made the sweetest sounds, like he was being devoured (which, to be fair, he was) and wanted every bit more one could give.

Sapnap slid behind the duo, mouthing at the side of Dream's neck softly, nowhere near hard enough to mark but with clear desire. The blonde tilted his head to the side, exposing more smooth skin to Sapnap's eager mouth. Teeth nipped gently, a loud moan as response. Sap had to take a deep breath, "Can I leave marks? Please? Need to get my mouth on you baby boy."

George released his mouth just long enough for the younger boy to whimper out a quiet 'please.' Sap latched on immediately, sucking dark hickies into the side of Dream's throat. Good thing he didn't use face cam, anyone would be able to tell that he'd been thoroughly fucked.

Dream was in bliss, he'd decided he'd died and gone to heaven. George's mouth above him was torture, a constant battle between edging him on and leaving him wanting so much more. Sapnap's on his throat left pleasurable painful marks everywhere, trailing down to his collarbone now. George chuckled, stroking the side of his face gently, "focus, baby. I know it's hard when we're giving you what you've wanted for so long." God, the man's words filled him with shame and sparks of lightning at the same time.

Hips rolled down, grinding against his cock. He cried out, sound muffled behind George's lips. Sapnap snickered against his shoulder before pouting.

"George, I want a turn to mess with him," he whined. The aforementioned ground down once more, leaning back to hear the keen come from swollen lips, desperate and needy.

"Fine, Dream lay down the right away on the bed- good boy," heat filled his belly at the words, now prone against the pillows, "oh, someone's certainly eager, huh? What do you think babe, want to check that out?" George guided. Sapnap's face lit up, allowing the blonde to stare up at him quizzically for a moment before tracing open-mouthed kisses down Dream's chest.

"What do you me-" Dream began only to be interrupted by a warm mouth against him through his undergarments. A loud moan had tried to bust out, but he hastily slapped a hand over his mouth to stifle it. Hard hands grabbed his wrists and forced them down besides his head, George's annoyed face coming down directly in front of his own.

He spoke firmly, no-nonsense "No, you will not cover your slutty mouth, understand? You can hide your little fantasies," he spit out the word, "as much as you want, but you will not hide these." Dream nodded, fear and arousal swirling in his eyes. Sapnap pinched at his exposed thighs, yelp escaping from Dream's mouth, "He *asked* do you understand? That means answer."

"yessir," slipped from Dream's mouth faster than he could stop it, eyes widening before clenching shut and flinching back as far as possible, given the hands gone slack on his wrists. "I-I'm sorry,

I-“

Sapnap sat up, pushing George's hands away to catch the blonde's chin, "what did you say?" he bit out.

Dream opened his eyes cautiously, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say that," he whimpered. Sapnap glared, "I didn't think I had to ask a good boy twice. What did you say before that?" Dream flushed dark, "I said yes sir," he whispered, gulping.

Sapnap brutally kissed the man, biting at his lips. "Say it again," he demanded.

"Yes sir?" Dream gasped, feeling a hand grasp him and stroke firmly. Sapnap groaned against his throat, "very good, baby."

George intertwined fingers into his hair, petting gently, "how smart, stumbling right into that. Had to have been thinking of that one recently, huh baby? Was that phrase in your most recent fantasy?" he snipped, gently tugging at the hair in his grasp drawing a sweet sound from Dream's throat.

Sapnap pulled down the waistband of his underwear, tugging them down his legs and flinging them out into the room. He firmly gripped Dream's erection, stroking once and swiping a thumb over the head to get a reaction. God he was so sensitive and noisy.

"Dream, can I fuck you? Or are you opposed to that kind of stuff," Sap queried, hand leaving his dick to pet at the older man's hip. George smirked, "I think I know the answer, but I think he needs to say it out loud. Consent's so important, of course," he simpered. Dream closed his eyes once more, taking a deep breath, before making contact with Sapnap's dark eyes, and squeaking out, "yes, please fuck me sir,"

George passed Sapnap a bottle of lube from god knows where, then slipping off his own boxers. "I think you might need something to keep you occupied, baby. Would you suck me off?"

Dream propped himself up on his elbows, eagerness shining bright on his face, "yes...sir?" he tried, not knowing George's preference as well as Sapnap's.

The older pet his hair indulgently, "if it makes you feel better to say, then go for it. I don't have as big an ego as Sap so it doesn't do much, but I'm not opposed," he answered.

Dream gulped as he stared at George's cock, flushed red and hard in front of him. He'd given blowjobs before, but not to someone he'd fantasized about for months. He didn't want to mess this up.

George groaned as Dream took his cock into his mouth, warm and wet. The younger man closed his eyes, swirling his tongue around the head before rocking forwards to take more in. He was good at this, he'd make George feel so good.

Sapnap rubbed against his hole with a lubed finger, "can I start?" he asked. Dream rocked back as much as he could, trying to beg for more. Message received. Sapnap slid a slick finger inside him, drawing a moan that reverberated through George, hips thrusting shallowly once inadvertently. Dream gagged a bit, pulling back just enough to cough then continued. The brunette cursed under his breath, "fuck, I'm sorry baby." The action had just felt so good. Dream glanced up beneath pretty, long eyelashes and nodded, drawing back for a moment.

"Y'know," he rasped, clearing his throat a few times before continuing, "you don't havta apologize." George blinked, watching as Dream gave a crooked smile and nodded again, taking his cock back into his mouth. Unlike before, he went until the head reached resistance at the back of

his throat and simply stayed still, tapping George's thigh twice.

Oh, George thought, Dream was okay with this, he wanted it. Still unsure, he thrust gently once, just barely pushing. The younger's eyes slid shut, a serene look (well, as calm as one could be while getting fingered of course) on his face. He pushed a little harder, two strokes at once, watched Dream's face carefully, and continued with a panted "good boy."

If Dream thought he was dead before, now he surely was. Sapnap had three fingers spreading him open, just barely grazing his prostate, and kept praising him softly about how good he was taking it, how tight he was, how good he was making George feel, while the other gently fucked his mouth.

Sapnap withdrew his fingers, "Dream, do you want me to use a condom? George and I just got tested last month, but I completely understand," he probed breathlessly. It would be safe to just go for it, but he wanted Dream's full consent. George withdrew, allowing the blonde to breathe raggedly for a few seconds.

"Please just fuck me, sir. I was tested after my last partner, 'm clean. Just please, sir," he pleaded, voice absolutely wrecked.

Well, that was straightforward and a definite answer. Sapnap coated himself before pressing gently against Dream's hole. George tugged his hair gently, scratching at his scalp while Sapnap pressed inside. Jesus FUCK he was so goddamned hot and tight and godddd.

Dream practically wailed as Sapnap nailed his prostate head on as he bottomed out, "Sir, god, please," he choked out.

George took the opportunity to guide his cock back into the younger's mouth, not forcing him down but just a gentle reminder. Dream sucked weakly, noises still spilling from deep in his chest as Sapnap thrust gently, more like rocking into him. It had the dual benefit of ensuring Dream was comfortably stretched and ground the head of Sapnap's cock against his prostate, shooting overwhelming pleasure throughout the blonde.

George was so close, small whimpers falling from his throat as he went a little faster, Dream gagging every so often at the change in pace. He bit down on his hand, pulling the younger's hair hard as he spilled down Dream's throat, weakly thrusting at the end allowing for a few spurts to land on his tongue. He withdrew, panting, to see Dream swallow once, eyes falling shut and groaning.

"Holy fuck, baby that was so amazing," he praised, moving down the bed to come face to face with the younger. Glazed over green eyes met his own as Dream whispered a stuttered thank you, words emphasized by Sapnap's thrusts, causing a flash of pleasure to shoot through George, almost painful how close it was to his orgasm. Even if he was spent for now, he could still play.

"What a little slut for us, getting his face and ass fucked at the same time. Is this how you imagined it, baby? Have you gotten off to this before?" he poked, trying to grasp the thread from earlier. Dream's moans grew louder as Sapnap sped up, fully fucking his friend. George took it as a response, continuing his game. "Dirty slut here, god. We should've taken advantage of you earlier, huh? Just gotten a quick fuck out of you? Would've liked it, whore."

Dream gulped, tears pricking at his eyes. He could almost pretend that they had wanted him, loved him, for a moment. He should've known better. He could be a quick fuck, it was fine. Sapnap chose to slam into the younger, pulling hips tight to his own and rolling them.

“Holy FUCKING-sir, please. PLEASE fuck me sir, please, I’m so close. I wanna make you cum sir, I wanna-please, please, pleaseee,” Dream begged, tears falling from thick lashes.

“Fucking-such a good slut, a good baby boy. Gonna- George, please I can’t, gotta,” Sapnap panted with exertion and pleasure, slamming his hips into the blonde.

George took Dream’s cock in hand, stroking at the same rate as he was being fucked, “go ahead, baby. You’ve been so so good, go ahead.” he goaded, working Dream’s cock quickly.

So he did. Dream with an absolute sob came hard, vision blacked out, back arched, clenched down on Sapnap, who forced two more thrusts out before following suit with a loud groan and curse.

He didn’t come to right away, lightning dancing along nerve endings for almost too long, white dots in the background of his vision. The first thing he noticed was George’s body curled around his own, his head splayed on a skinny chest. Sapnap must be pressed behind him, arm wrapped tight around his waist. He groaned.

George spoke gently, “hey, baby. You okay?” Dream nodded, dry and sore throat reminding him to not talk.

Sapnap snored once, seemingly asleep? Dream giggled, endorphins still high and dancing. George rolled his eyes, “he passes out right after sex, y’know. Do you want help cleaning up before bed?” A yawn interrupted the last few words, older man appearing just as tired as Sap.

Reality hit: before bed. He was in George’s bed, between the couple of his dreams, the couple who only wanted him for quick sex, a hookup essentially. They were ready to sleep, fun over, time to get back to the real world.

“I-I got it, just go to bed,” he rasped, jerkily rising to his elbows. George moved to help him, then seemed to reconsider as another yawn attacked. He did curl his legs up so that Dream could scoot down the bed. Wow he was sore, it’d been a long time- and Sapnap was big.

He took a deep breath, pushing to a standing position. His knees threatened to buckle as he got to the door, picking up his underwear and sweats on the way. The minute he got to the doorframe, a moment of weakness forced him to grab on to not collapse. He breathed shallowly, looking back to see if George had noticed. Luckily the brunette had already moved to the middle of the bed, tucked under Sapnap’s arm and looking to be unconscious. Dream tried to pretend there wasn’t a stab of pain in his chest at the sight and forced himself to shut the door and limp to his room.

Alone in his room never felt so bad. Dream fell to the floor just inside his door, settling on his ass with a hiss and curling knees into his chest. He was sweaty, crust drying on his belly, sticky inside, and painfully alone.

He didn’t know how much time passed before getting up and into the shower, just standing under lukewarm water, scrubbing lacklusterly at his body. He mechanically finished his nighttime routine, brushing his teeth, washing his face, and filling Patches’ food and water dishes.

Under the covers, he felt...alone. The bed was cold, nothing compared to being held in George and Sapnap’s arms. But they didn’t want that, didn’t want him.

Who would? He was too loud and too quiet at the same time, annoying, clingy, needy, stupid, anxious, ugly, disgusting, just too much overall. They were happy together, just the two of them. So they wanted a quick fuck with someone and got stuck with him, doesn’t mean anything. It’d never mean anything.

Silent tears dripped down his face, splattering on the bedsheets below. Suddenly, he threw the blanket off him, lying only in an old t-shirt and basketball shorts. He didn't want to feel warm, it was just going to remind him of them. Besides, he didn't deserve it anyways. Like George said, it was just a quick fuck. It was his fault for reading too far into it, for presuming, for fantasizing about them in the first place. This was his punishment and he deserved it.

Dream wrapped shaking arms around himself and fell asleep, alone.

Chapter End Notes

We finally got a long smut scene! Please let me know how you're feeling about it...I usually sit and write all in one session + this one was split up throughout the day. As usual, feedback is always appreciated! Love and appreciate y'all!!!

10. talks (and, is that, a HAPPY SCENE??)

Chapter Summary

George and Dream talk about last night and individually come to their own conclusions. Also I wrote something...kinda wholesome? ew.

Chapter Notes

So, my partner may have pointed out that I've been exceptionally cruel lately and I'm "hurting my poor readers." Pity, they've caught onto me. As such (and to the three of you I promised to throw a bone to), I've included exactly one (1) non-angst scene. At the end, so, work for it y'all.

(to the person who wanted to do a fanart I WROTE SOMETHING HAPPY OK??? or you can do whatever you want but I'm gonna cry and I'm really looking forwards to maybe seeing it :,)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream woke the next morning while it was still dark out shivering, curled up far too small for someone of his stature. He glanced around confused, noticing Patches curled up in his comforter on the ground. He sat up, intending to snag the covers, but felt the dull ache in his lower spine and suddenly remembered. Fuck.

He groaned, burying his face in his hands. God, he fucked up. He'd fallen for them a long time ago, gotten rid of any hope remaining, only for them to yank him back in and destroy all his dreams. Fuck, fuck, FUCK!

Okay, so there wasn't much he could do at this point. George had made it painfully clear that he wasn't wanted, he was a fling at best, convenient. All he could do was hope they allowed him the dignity of pretending nothing happened.

But they wouldn't, would they? No, they teased him, constantly, about small stuff. Something like this, something...he didn't know how to explain what it was, emotional? Something that meant so much to him? They'd poke at him, they'd prod, they'd stand in front of him and kiss just to show him what he was missing-

But...this was George and Sapnap he was talking about, right? They were his friends, they'd never touched topics they thought would hurt him before. Would they really do any of that?

Dream hated not knowing, it was his biggest pet peeve. When his parents had arranged a surprise party for his 16th, he'd nearly drove himself crazy for weeks trying to figure out what they had hid. How was he supposed to combine his assumptions of what would happen with the knowledge of George and Sapnap's- he hesitated to call it love, platonic or not- affection for him.

There was no correct way to interpret this situation. What did he even want to happen? Did he want

them to come out and pretend nothing happened, eat breakfast together happily and ignorant? Did he want them to let him down gently, or flat out, what would hurt more in the long run? Would they all agree to turn it into a joke, something they teased the fans with and laugh at? No, it was too late for that, not after everything they'd said...

God, he fucking called Sapnap "sir" while he fucked him better than he'd ever had. George had fucked his mouth, throat still sore. How the fucking HELL was he supposed to recover from that??

Dream took a deep breath. There wasn't any use in panicking, right? He'd fucked up, that was simple. Nothing he could do now.

He stood, wincing automatically. Okay, that needed to stop too. First of all, he didn't need a reminder of how hot last night was. Second, he didn't need to feed Sapnap's ego, god he wouldn't be able to recover from that. He forced a few steps forward, getting used to the sensation and getting ready to leave his room, he needed breakfast.

George woke up to the smell of bacon far too early, if the lack of light in the room had any truth to it. His phone said 5:45am, what the fuck? He stretched as far as possible with Sapnap's arm loosely thrown over him, groaning.

God, last night had been...amazing. A heat settled low in his stomach, reminders of the previous night filling his head. Dream absolutely losing all self-control, moaning so beautifully for them, because of them. Sapnap had played into his game and seemed to enjoy it as much as he did, pulling the blonde apart with soft and harsh words, drawing it out to the point of painful, and putt-

He jerked to a sitting position, where was the younger man? He'd been laid between him and Sapnap last night, right? His sleep-heavy brain struggled to recall what'd happened. Yeah, the blonde had practically gone limp when he came (a jolt of pleasure threatened to cause problems for George, stifled as best as possible), falling into George's embrace desperately, whining softly until the older had wrapped around him. Sap had cleaned up roughly before spooning the tall man, begging for affection as he normally did after sex. Where was he now?

Another memory slipped in, causing George to fully awaken with a cool shiver, he remembered Dream slipping out from under his arms, walking on legs the same way a newborn deer might, to leave. George had thought he'd seen a painful expression on the younger's face before the door shut and he'd fallen asleep.

Did he...leave? George had thought he'd wanted to clean up, did he not come back last night? Maybe he realized it was a mistake, he regretted it?

Sapnap murmured in his sleep as the older stood up, shucking on a random shirt from near the pillows and his boxers from the floor. He needed to talk.

Dream heard a door open, cold fear spiking his chest, and plated the bacon. He'd made too much, as usual. Whatever, someone would eat it later. The eggs needed scrambled now, good. It meant he could turn his attention to that instead of whoever had woken up.

"Smells good," George complimented, voice still gravely with sleep.

Dream nodded, clearing his own throat, "want some?" cringing at how hoarse he sounded, god he'd forgotten about that. George's eyes widened, he'd forgotten how rough he'd been, even more

reason to talk about last night.

“Dream-” he breathed. The taller man turned around without thinking, anxiously looking at his friend and George faltered. God he was beautiful, long hair still ruffled from sleep, waves drifting around his face, two hickies showed above the collar of his t-shirt, promising more underneath- he forgot Sapnap’s begging to mark him up, he was possessive- green eyes standing out of lightly tanned skin.

Dream averted his eyes, light flush filling his face. George was wearing his shirt, the one he’d thrown off the night before. He didn’t even seem to notice what he was wearing, the audacity of that colorblind idiot. You think he’d notice the shirt coming down several inches lower than usual.

“What,” he mumbled, turning back to the eggs. The brunette blinked, “we should talk, don’t you think?” Dream shrugged.

“Talk about what? It was a fun night, right?” he inquired, stabbing the eggs just a little too hard with a spatula.

“Y-yeah, it was certainly fun, don’t you say?” the older murmured, voice dropping. Dream shivered, George tracing the movement up his spine with appreciation. “Wonder if you’d be interested in a repeat?”

Dream paused, swallowing hard for a moment. Wow, he didn’t expect that. Would he want to fuck around with them again? It was the best sex of his life, but would knowing they didn’t want a relationship hurt him?

Probably...but then again, wasn’t he already struggling? How much worse could it get?

George rubbed the back of his neck, nervous by how long Dream seemed to ponder the question, “o-of course you don’t have to. I just, we really like you, Dream. It’d be-”

Dream set down the spatula and turned around, “you just want a chance to fuck me too, don’t you?” he teased. They only wanted sex, right? He could do that.

George blushed bright red. Dream wheezed, “you- George I didn’t know you...you’re RED!”

“Shut up, idiot!” The younger continued laughing as he grabbed a plate to transfer the eggs to.

A comfortable silence filled the kitchen, the two boys plating their breakfast side by side oddly domestically. They moved to the table, sitting in what had come to be known as ‘their’ seats next to each other.

Dream took the plates at the end of the meal while George began putting the leftovers onto a new plate to put in the microwave for Sapnap when he woke. They bumped into one another once accidentally, a comfort in the touch.

They tackled the living room next, remnants and leftover trash from last night still out.

“Would’ve been nice to wake up to you this morning,” George stated offhand as he picked up their cups to bring to the dishwasher. The younger continued his self-appointed task of gathering snacks and throwing them out or putting them away. George tried again, “missed cuddling you.”

Dream’s shoulder hitched up, thankfully the older couldn’t see him anymore, “I, uh, had to feed Patches before bed a-and just crashed in my room,” he stuttered. George felt an unconscious anxiety lift from his gut. Dream wanted more with them, was interested in them. He wasn’t

regretful, he didn't despise them. He simply got distracted. "Gotcha," he replied, suppressing the elation he felt.

They spent the rest of the day as they had been before: working on individual channels, planning new dream team content, posting a challenge video they'd filmed and edited earlier in the week, and simply enjoying one another's presence.

Dream took the trash out, sweating as he came back into the house. "It's so hot outside," he whined, rolling up the sleeves of the hoodie he'd thrown on when Sapnap prodded one of his hickies with a shit-eating grin.

The aforementioned perked up from where he lay upside down on the couch, "hot enough to swim?" he bubbled, looking as if Dream had just dangled a treat in front of his face. The blonde rolled his eyes in amusement, seeing the boy practically bounce in his seat, "last one there's a little bitch," he challenged, already sprinting to his room.

Sapnap cursed, tumbling off the couch to follow suit. George couldn't help but laugh at the boys, his idiots, then had a mischievous look cross his face.

Sapnap and Dream burst out the back door neck and neck, desperate to be first to jump in the pool, only for a high pitched whistle to call them both to a halt. George, wearing only his underwear, tread water in the deep end of the pool.

"That's cheating!" Sapnap hollered at the time Dream yelled, "Hey!" George burst out giggling, swimming further back to avoid both boys jumping in after him. He screamed once as Dream splashed him, leaving the older man spluttering. Sapnap quickly joined in, pushing Dream underwater playfully.

Hours later after playing and swimming to their heart's content then showering, the three collapsed onto the couch. Dream sat on the floor, head leaned up against George's thigh. Sapnap was molded to George's side, hand in Dream's wavier than normal hair, messing it up further. All three were half asleep, barely watching some glass-blowing competition show on Netflix. George smiled sleepily, pressing a kiss to Sapnap's hair and sighing in contentment. He loved his boys.

Chapter End Notes

SEE, HAPPY????

As always, I'm blown away by the support and interest in this storyline. Working on chapter 11 soon, maybe tonight, maybe tomorrow. Love y'all, take care of yourselves!!

11. more sex + *realizations* [+ angst ig]

Chapter Summary

More smut! George and Sapnap realize they might have to have a conversation. And, as usual, *ANGST*

Chapter Notes

I had a panic attack after losing my wallet for nearly an hour and a half today and had to tell my mom I finally cut my hair (she hasn't responded, it's been 15 minutes) SO sorry for being mean :/

SMUT!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream woke up on the couch a few nights later with George's moans still ringing in his ears from his incredibly realistic dream, silently cursing himself for falling asleep. They'd been watching some stupid movie, George was really into it though, and he couldn't help but doze off, warm from Sapnap's body draped over his own.

Speaking of that, the raven haired man was kinda heavy, pinning down his entire right side from shoulder to hip, arm starting to go numb. Dream shifted to try and free himself, pausing almost immediately. He was hard underneath Sapnap's thigh pressed between his legs, sparks of pleasure coming to life at his movement. Fuck.

Dream compared his options: one, he could stay where he was and go back to sleep, but then he'd have to deal with this in the morning; two, he could shove Sapnap off him and run to his room before the others noticed, but then they'd definitely make him talk again; or three...

Sapnap shifted in his sleep, murmuring soft words along Dream's neck and hitching his thigh up. The older man gasped at the sensation, sound half hidden into Sapnap's hair, praying neither of the other men heard him. Sapnap twitched, then yawned.

"Dream?" he rasped, voice cloudy with sleep, "y'kay?" The blonde sighed, fortifying himself before whispering, "yeah, Sap. Just my arm fell asleep."

The younger apologized quickly, shifting his weight from high to low to allow the older to move only for a high pitched whine and stuttered roll of hips to make him stop. Wait...was he? Sapnap pressed his weight further down through his thigh, another gasp bursting forth. He smirked, all semblance of sleep shedding away like an old skin.

"Oh Dream," he sang, "are you turned on right now?"

The blonde blushed hard, turning his head quickly to the side. God this was bad, Sapnap would say he was weird, creepy, gross, disgust- "I asked if you were hard right now, baby?" the younger bit

out, rolling his thigh more firmly against his cock.

Dream keened just a little too loud, head thrown back with pleasure. Sapnap chuckled low, oh he could have fun with this...

"I'm tryin'ta sleep," George complained from the other end of the sofa, awakened by the noise. Sapnap snickered, repeating the motion just ever so slightly harder, enough to spring tears of embarrassment and slight discomfort to Dream's eyes along with a muffled moan.

The oldest sat up to glare at the other two, only to see Dream's face lit up by a patch of moonlight, red and teary and oh...

"Someone was feeling a little turned on and woke me up," Sapnap explained briefly, "thought you might want to get involved?" George breathed out, still watching Dream's face closely, "of course."

Sapnap stood up, depriving Dream of any touch before pulling the older boy up by his hands. Dream wobbled, having gone from horizontal to vertical a little too quickly, and fell against the younger boy, who took the chance to kiss him deeply, tongues entwining, before being guided to the bedroom.

As soon as the door shut behind Dream, he was pushed up against it by Sapnap, hands pinning his wrists down by his shoulders and leg slipping between his thighs again. He cried out as mean teeth nipped his neck, worrying the skin until it bruised dark purple. That'd stay for more than a few days.

He pushed Sapnap's head away, flipping the two around until the raven haired man was against the door, and dropped to his knees.

George stroked Sapnap's hair from his right side, guiding the younger boy's face to his own to capture his lips in a bruising kiss. Dream pulled down both sweats and underwear, erection springing free.

"For someone making fun of me, you seem awfully hard, Sap," he teased before wrapping his lips around the head of his cock.

George swallowed down the raven haired man's moans with pleasure, reaching a hand down to grip at long blonde hair. Dream took the tug with a whimper, pulling back from where he began taking Sap's cock deeper.

"Patience," George chastised, "I know you're just a little cock slut, but you need to wait. You do want to get fucked, am I right? Or should I just let you get us off and leave?"

Dream froze, mind screaming at him to stop. If they told him to leave now he'd break. "I-I wanna cum," he whimpered. George nodded, "good boy," he loved how well Dream played his part.

Sapnap wiggled beneath George, desperate for more of anything. The brunette let him up, settling himself on the bed, content to watch what he'd do.

He jerked Dream's head up to face him, nearly groaning at the expression of need on his face, "strip, and get on the bed slut," he drawled.

Dream scrambled to do so, throwing clothes off with abandon and settling next to George, who slid a hand down his chest and abdomen to tease his erection with fleeting glances of touch.

He cried out, hips trying to follow George's hands but being pressed down firmly by warm hands, "you wanna cum, right?" Sapnap asked. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Dream's eyes pleaded as George sucked a hickey into his chest, "p-pleasee."

"You're not getting off until we do, understand? You're the one caught being a little slut," the younger snapped, "prep yourself."

Dream let the lube tossed at him hit his chest, not raising a hand to catch it or retrieve it from where it landed. George faltered, breaking character briefly, "Dream, you okay with this? If you're not we can do something different?"

The younger gulped. He didn't want them to be mean and hard, but then again what he wanted was wrong. He wanted a relationship, wanted to be allowed kisses for no reason and to hold hands on walks and make trips to the grocery store together. But that's not what they wanted, they only wanted him for sex. If that's all he could get, he'd take it whenever and however he could get it.

"I-I'm fine, sir," he whispered, biting down all objections and complaints. If he wasn't good, they'd make him leave, he knew it. Besides, sex was sex, right? Whether it was gentle or not, he still got to feel good, and that's what he'd take from his two best friends.

George hesitated jumping back into character, something was off about this. He should stop before they got in too deep, before anything went wrong. He'd dommed before, he knew how to tell if something was off about a scene...

But was this a scene? It had the same elements he usually favored, the degradation, the control...but they hadn't talked about that, had they? As far as Dream knew, this was normal sex with them.

Sapnap met his eyes, seeing the concern swirling in them. They'd both had experience on both sides with emotionally harder scenes like this, emotionally charged and role playing. The raven haired man shook his head, eyes flickering swiftly to the blonde, who's bottom lip was clamped between his teeth. George beat himself up for not seeing it sooner, the green eyed man wasn't into this, at least not tonight.

He couldn't go through with it, not now.

"Let's change it, okay? I- we need a bigger conversation before we do something like that. Could I please fuck you Dream?" he requested.

Dream was...confused. Why'd George change his mind like that? He'd seemed into it, and Dream was eager to please. Did he do something wrong? This was just sex, his emotions and feelings meant nothing.

"Uh, did I do something wro-wrong?" he asked with a furrowed brow, head tilting to the side a bit in confusion. Sapnap frowned, "was that what you wanted?" he inquired gently.

If anything, Dream looked and felt more confused now, "I don't understand, why are we switching it up? I thought that's what you wanted, what did I do to make you change it?" he clarified. Why did it matter what he wanted if he were to get off?

Red flags flew up in George's mind, "Dream, have you had experience with this kind of sex?" he blurted out.

"I'm not a fucking virgin, George! If anything you should know that from the other night," he drug

a hand over the older man's thigh, trying to distract him from the current conversation. He didn't want to talk, he wanted fucked and to go back to his room and try and forget any feelings he had for the couple.

Sapnap huffed, "that's not what he meant, Dream. We mean have you been...dommed before? Not just been fucked or whatever."

"Dommed?" Dream repeated, "I-I've bottomed and topped before, yeah. Um, I-I don't-"

"So no," George said, drawing in a deep breath and releasing it, they'd messed up a little here, moved a little fast- especially this early in a relationship. "I think we should stop for tonight, we really need to talk before going any further..." he trailed off, moving to gather Dream's clothes from where they sat on the floor.

The blonde panicked, they were kicking him out, he fucked up! "W-wait! No, George, I-" he made a frustrated noise, "Sapnap, please, I want, need you. Please, don't say no, I'm sorry I didn't mean to make it sound bad. We don't need to do t-that tonight, but please don't leave me right now, I want you, want to be fucked any way you want, please!" he rambled, desperately.

Sapnap and George made eye contact. On the one hand, they really couldn't do anything too serious without a conversation, but on the other, they didn't want Dream to think he did anything wrong here...sex was still fine, right?

Sapnap sighed, hand coming to pet at Dream's hair, "Calm down, baby boy. We can still get you off tonight, okay? But I'm not going to fuck you."

George knelt down to face the younger man, panic still evident in his face, "I'm not going to fuck you either, Dream," the blonde began to protest until Dream raised a hand to his lips, effectively quieting him, "I didn't say we wouldn't do anything. How would you feel about letting me ride you? You said you'd topped before, do you like that idea?" he compromised.

The younger nodded vigorously, thanking whatever higher power existed that they weren't refusing to touch him anymore. They didn't hate him yet.

Sapnap switched positions with George, the older prepping himself while the younger moved to kiss Dream gently, a far cry from anything they'd done before. Almost...affectionate? The older shifted uncomfortably, mind starting to throw domestic fantasies of them together again. Nope, not getting into that again, that was for when he was alone and could deal with his self-hatred in peace, thank you very much.

Dream deepened the kiss with a challenging nip to Sapnap's plump lip, eliciting a growl from the younger man and tongue flicking against his lip, teasing him. That's better, get riled up, Dream thought as he clashed his lips harder against Sapnap's, teeth clinking together for a moment, before the raven haired man grabbed his throat gently, causing him to stop his attack with a gasp.

"You heard George. We aren't doing that tonight. Behave, or I'll make sure you don't even get off tonight. Understand, brat?" Sapnap whispered directly in his ear. Dream nodded, swallowing heavily to feel the slight restriction from Sapnap's grip. He shivered.

Sapnap released his hand, sliding down his bare chest to thumb over a nipple. Dream felt a dull ache of pleasure bud up, thrusting his chest out slightly to encourage the younger man to continue. Sap repeated the action as the bud hardened.

A quiet moan sounded from behind them, then rustling as the bed covers shifted. "Is it still okay if

"I ride you, baby?" the British man asked, straddling the younger man with a small huff.

"Yes, please, anything you want," he pleaded, ache from his erection reminding him of how long he'd been hard despite their conversation. George sighed, reaching a hand down to stabilize his dick- evoking a gasp from Dream- before sinking down slightly.

A hiss from George and keen from Dream sounded at the same time, both men holding still temporarily. A moment passed before George slid down further, younger's hands coming to settle on slim hips, fingers twitching against the skin in finely-held restraint.

Sapnap watched as the British sat himself fully on Dream's cock, both men flushed and panting, "you both look beautiful like that, geez."

They both turned more red, Dream twitching noticeably in George. The older blushed, shifting slightly to get a better angle and turning his head to the raven haired man, "tell him that again, Sap," he offered.

Sapnap smirked at the disheveled look on the brunette's face, "you look so gorgeous, both of you. George spread open so nice, probably so tight around you, right Dream? It's been awhile since he bottomed. And Dream, look at you," he cooed, "so patient for us, huh? Waiting for George, even as he's so warm around you? Such a good boy, a pretty boy for us. You gonna fuck him good?"

Dream twitched again, causing George to clench around him. His hips jerked up of their own volition, drawing a gasp from George.

The older rose, settling back down on Dream's cock with a small noise of pleasure. He was so perfect in him, stretching him perfectly.

He ground down at a different angle, spearing his prostate perfectly and clenching down hard. Dream's hands tightened on his sides, nearly painful. He might leave bruises...

On this downstroke, Dream raised his hips just enough to meet George before he bottomed out, eliciting gasps from both their throats. They sped up the pace, continuing the same pattern nicely.

Sapnap grasped and stroked himself rapidly at the sight. God they should be in porn, this was so hot he wasn't even upset to not be involved for once. Seeing his boys fucking, so desperate and close and real, was turning him on so much.

Dream let out a cry as George came down particularly hard, seeing stars as he felt himself get close.

"G-George, I'm gonna, about to-" he babbled, hips twitching. George rose once more and lifted fully off the younger man, who whined at the loss of heat around himself, before wrapping a hand around his cock and pumping swiftly.

"Go ahead, pretty boy. Cum for me, okay? You deserve it, being so good for us," he praised.

Dream did as asked, cumming all over George's hand with a loud moan. The older man continued his movements until Dream whined, "st-too much, stop."

He panted, pleasure slowly winding down. He finally noticed Sapnap's jerking off and clambered over to the younger boy, pushing his hand out of the way to replace with his mouth. Sapnap groaned, eyes clenching shut, "D-close baby, gonna-" he groaned, cumming in the older man's mouth with a cry. Dream swallowed obediently, continuing to suckle gently as the younger came down and releasing with a 'pop.'

George came with a cry, jerking off with his cum-covered hand, now soaked.

The three men breathed heavily in the dark room, each exhausted. It was late, too late for a conversation now. George murmured he was going to clean up, Dream giving the same excuse and departing to the hall. Sapnap simply waved them on, willing to take his turn after.

George caught Dream's arm with his clean hand, concern evident in his eyes. "Dream, you--"

"I'm gonna clean up and go to bed, George." he cut off, "Sleep well, m-'kay?"

George sighed as the younger man broke free of his grip and closed his bedroom door with a loud 'click' before turning to the other bathroom door. He did need to clean up, and the conversation with Dream could wait till tomorrow...

As soon as Dream was safely in his own room, door locked solidly behind him, he began hyperventilating, chest tight and filled with what felt like bees. He hunched over, lungs screaming for him to gasp in air. Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK! A sob leaked out from his throat, exhaling everything he'd just managed to pull in.

He fell, tears leaning down his face as hands pulled meanly at his hair. He'd FUCKED up, George had almost made him leave, gotten sick of him, decided he wasn't worth it.

Not that he was worth it, he wasn't enough. He was nothing, below nothing, in fact. They were too good, too perfect, too...everything! He would only fuck up their relationship, fuck with them.

Another sob. They didn't need him, didn't want him. That's what they would talk about, that's what the conversation would lead to. They'd talk tonight and realize that, that he was useless and horrible and disgusting and didn't belong in their bed. Then they'd leave, unable to spend even another minute in his house, with his perverted thoughts and mind.

Dream curled tighter into himself, head spinning. He had to accept it, accept that he wouldn't ever be theirs. He wouldn't be bitter, couldn't put the dream team at risk for his own feelings. He could push through it, suck it up and perform perfectly.

He forced air in, counting to 4, holding for 4, releasing 4, hold 4, repeat. He had to get a hold of himself, couldn't let them hear. Couldn't let them know how weak he was (well, how much weaker he was-they already knew about the panic attacks).

When his lungs stopped aching, the empty hole in his chest became apparent. He didn't deserve them, that much was obvious. He knew it'd hurt for some time after they left, would just have to get used to the feeling.

Dream drifted asleep, mind finally falling quiet, still on the floor of his room.

Chapter End Notes

As always, kudos and comments are always appreciated!! This has been the longest work i've ever committed to, and I fully blame that on you guys. The support for this has been INCREDIBLE- I really couldn't have done this without y'all, so thank you!! Next chapter should have a *talk*, not the real good talk, but one that needs to happen regardless. So be ready for more dialogue, a lil smut, and, as always, ANGST!

12. Sex Talk!

Chapter Summary

George and Sapnap sit down and discuss BDSM with Dream...y'all thought they'd talk about emotions? NOPE!

Chapter Notes

So, kinda a filler chapter. But, there's a little bit of angst and some good, important information about BDSM for anyone who's interested. AND YES. YOU'RE SPOILED. Two chapters in one night- what am I, fuckign nice? /s

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream woke the next morning to Patches meowing loudly in his ear. He groaned, waving his hand where the sound came from.

The next thing that hit him was the stiffness radiating throughout his entire body. He was on the floor, neat. He stretched, feeling his shoulders and neck throb with an incredible tension, ache settling firmly behind his eye. Great, a headache. Just what he needed...it's what he deserved for sleeping on the floor all night.

His mouth was fuzzy, clearly he hadn't brushed his teeth, which means Patches hadn't been fed either. Explained why she was so loud and yelling at him.

Standing hurt, a lot actually. His muscles protested from sleeping curled up on his carpet. He staggered to the bathroom, fed a grateful Patches, and turned on the shower. Hopefully hot water would help some...

George was getting worried. Him and Sapnap discussed this morning that they'd sit Dream down and have the very important conversation about sex with him, feeling very much like parents teaching their child about puberty, but the blonde had yet to emerge from his room. That wouldn't be a concern if it wasn't nearly 1pm and him and the younger had been used to sharing breakfast when the sun was still rising. Sapnap rising before Dream was a cause for worry, despite the raven haired boy's protests that they were the abnormal ones.

Thankfully, he heard the sound of a shower turning on, signifying that the green eyed man was, at the very least, not dead. Sapnap cleared away their lunch plates (sub sandwiches) and gathered two drinks for them, needing to do something with the nervous energy he felt.

Twenty minutes later, Dream emerged with dripping hair and lazy clothes on. He startled at the two men already cleaning up in the kitchen, jumping a bit when he looked up.

"Oh, fuck. Sapnap's up? What time is it?" he worried, teeth gnawing on his lip. George burst out laughing as Sapnap scowled, "I don't get up THAT late you guys!"

Wiping tears from his eyes, George glanced at his phone, “it’s almost 1:30. I missed my breakfast partner,” he said under his breath. Dream looked embarrassed.

“I didn’t mean to sleep in, I didn’t have my alarm set. Sorry,” he apologized. George waved him off, gesturing to a sandwich sitting on the counter.

“We made you lunch, sorry, we just finished eating. Afterwards, we’re gonna have a talk.” Dream felt an icy cold ball settle in his stomach, erasing all hunger he had previously felt. He choked down half the sandwich, clearing away the rest, and settled crossed legged in one of the armchairs in the living room facing the couch.

Sapnap cleared his throat, drawing Dream’s attention to him. “We brought it up last night that we needed to have a conversation. Do you remember what it was about?” Dream had a good idea, they were gonna tell him that they were leaving, but shook his head anyways. That had the right to say it themselves.

“George and I practice BDSM,” he announced shamelessly, “That stands for bondage and discipline, domination and submission, and sadism and masochism. Specifically, we usually play with some kind of domination and submission, dom and sub roles. Sometimes we poke around in the others, but that’s not the main point here. Any questions about that?”

Dream shook his head. They were talking about...sex? He knew about sex. Granted, he wasn’t super involved or knowledgeable about this kind of stuff. Listening wouldn’t hurt, right?

Sapnap nodded, “good. So like I was saying, dom and sub, sounds like what it means. In some relationships, that means that one person controls the other in many different ways: sometimes sexually, financially, or simply in daily life. As you could probably tell from living with you for almost a week and a half, we don’t keep to much outside of sex. Even then, we don’t always have the dynamic in play. It’s usually one when one of us is in the mood,” he paused to take a breath, allowing Dream to ask any questions he may have.

“So who’s, uh, who?” he queried. Neither of them seemed particularly bottom-y.

George jumped in, “we switch. That means that sometimes I dom and sometimes Sap does. It just kind of depends on the mood, and like Sapnap said, we don’t always have sex like this.”

“Exactly,” Sapnap took over, “that’s the nice thing about not using tons of labels with anything, we just kind of do what we feel like. Now, dom and sub doesn’t mean top and bottom. You can be just as controlling while getting a blowjob as giving one, does that make sense?”

Dream looked a little less sure of that point. “Last night I rode you,” the younger blushed, memories storming in, “but you could probably still tell that I was in charge, am I right? If I had told you to stay still,” his voice dropped and sharpened, causing Dream to jump, “what would you have done?”

“Stop,” he replied automatically, then seemed surprised at his quick response. It was what he’d say anyways, but the speed and how right it felt was...odd. Sapnap snorted, causing George to glare at him and smack his arm, hard.

Sapnap rubbed his shoulder, pouting, “George was topping from the bottom there, he had the power over you while ‘bottoming’. Does that make more sense?”

He nodded, blushing.

“So that’s a very basic intro to dominance and submission,” George took over, “but there’s more to

BDSM than just the actions of sex. There's really important concepts regarding safety and protection. Something most people use, and all should have," he muttered under his breath, "is safewords. Sometimes the scene can involve role playing or other things that might turn 'no' into the game. Safewords give all parties an even method of communication. We use a color system, like a stoplight. Green means good, go ahead; yellow means slow down or check in; red means stop right away, no matter what."

Sapnap winked, exaggerated, "George might be colorblind, but he can actually tell the safewords apart," he quipped. He got smacked again.

"When I asked last night if you were okay and a few nights ago to tell us if you didn't like anything, that's called a check-in. If we'd discussed using safewords, I would've expected a color or another description of what was going on. It was also a blanket reminder that at any time you can say your color and won't be 'in trouble,' even if you were told not to talk," he continued, feeling slightly guilty. "Safewords are respected. Both doms and subs can and should use them whenever they don't like what's going on. There's no shame in calling a red or needing to stop ever. It actually can be dangerous to both roles if they're not used, so if we ask you to use them, we mean it," he ended firmly.

Dream hesitated before nodding this time, he didn't understand why they'd need to stop though. Sapnap noticed the pause, "something to add?"

"I, why would you need to stop? If something's hurting?" he decided upon asking, safe enough.

Sapnap gave a crooked half-smile, "that's an example, yeah. You might call red if something's hurting in a bad way that you want to stop, if you're overwhelmed and it's not good, if you're starting to feel really uncomfortable and bad, or if you're just not in the mood for what's going on. Once when we were scening- that means playing in BDSM in an organized way, by the way- George and I were playing around with impact play. It was totally fine until for some reason I started feeling really bad about myself and got upset. I called a red and George stopped immediately and cuddled me until I felt better, then we talked about it for awhile, figured out what made me panic, and realized it might not be for me. Does that help?" he asked.

Dream kind of understood. Sapnap tapping out was one thing, he wasn't enjoying what was going on so they stopped. But to imagine him being allowed to, that was weird. He was there to be used, right? Not for affection. His pleasure wasn't the main goal, he just had to take it.

George glanced at him warily, it still didn't seem like the younger understood fully, but he stayed silent.

"The last thing we wanna talk about is aftercare. It's pretty much what it sounds like: care after sex," George stated, no nonsense tone to his voice, "it's extremely important after scening to do some kind of aftercare to ensure that no one experiences any kind of 'drop'. BDSM can evoke some really strong emotions and feelings, physically and mentally. That causes an intense release of endorphins. Sometimes this rush can put you in a kind of dom or subspace. It's kinda hard to explain...to me domspace makes me really heady, I just...know that I'm in control and my sub becomes my only focus. Subspace makes me floaty, I just don't need to think. It's nice."

Sapnap butt in, "Yeah, domspace is weird for me. Basically I'm just high, getting my sub off is like a fucking head rush and everything is just brighter. Subspace I get really soft and quiet, George gets loud!"

"Sapnap, I will hit you again. Do you want to be hit again?" George threatened, causing the raven haired man to quickly move to the other side of the couch. "Good. Like I was saying, endorphins

get really high. Sometimes when the endorphin high ends, you can ‘drop’ really hard. Some people get really sad or depressed after a scene, I’ve had times where I just feel ‘off’, like something is really wrong,” he paused, and after no interruptions, continued.

“To try and prevent drops, there’s something called aftercare. It’s different for everyone. Some people need cuddled or held after a scene, some take a bath, basically it’s just attention and affection given to each other after sex to calm down and help soothe that transition.”

Sapnap nodded solemnly, knowing why George was explaining it as in depth as he was, “it’s important, like, super important. We usually cuddle, touching really helps a lot. We refuse to do a scene without aftercare, does that make sense?”

Dream cocked his head to the side, why did he have to understand why they did it? Their sex life was their business, he didn’t have to give his permission or anything?

George cleared his throat, “let me rephrase, anytime we have sex, with anyone, aftercare is a must. Meaning all members are given attention to prevent drops. ALL members.”

Oh, he got it. “But what if that’s not what everyone wants?” he asked. They felt morally obligated to give him aftercare because they had sex. Great.

George gave him a stern look, one that made him cringe, “then we discuss what’s a better option for aftercare than cuddling. It’s non-negotiable, Dream, not with me or with Sapnap. It’s for everyone’s wellbeing,” he concluded.

Well, he didn’t need affection from them, all it’d do would hurt him more. He’d find a way around it, “okay, fine” he agreed, crossed fingers in the back of his mind.

“Good!” Sapnap cheered, “so, as we’ve established, you’re almost definitely a sub, or at least sub leaning, so-“

“Says who?” Dream retorted, urge to fight popping up. George and Sapnap were switches, as they said, why was he automatically a sub??

“Dream, look at me,” George demanded, voice just teetering on the edge of snapping. He started, head snapping towards George faster than he could comprehend.

“That’s why,” Sapnap smirked, “you like to please, you follow instructions so well, you like to be praised. And that’s only what I can tell from having two kinda scenes. So, should we share some of the other things we like to do a real scene?”

The blonde blushed red, when Sapnap put it that way it kind of made sense, he guessed. It was nice to do what they asked, satisfied some need to please. But regardless, what they wanted him to do- share his, his turn ons? Ugh.

George could’ve laughed at the discomfort obvious on his face, but chose not to embarrass him too much. They didn’t want to break him, well, at least not yet. “We’ll start. I don’t know how much you pick up on, but I really like the mental games- I like to pick people apart and pull them back together, I like to make my sub cry, both good and bad, I don’t mind hurting a bit- getting or giving, I like praising my sub, not so much receiving it. There’s more, but i’ll let you start with that.”

Sapnap grinned, quite shark-like, “I’m a really big superiority person-titles and shit, like you found out. Good job, by the way. I also like degradation and praise a lot. I’m into bondage, which isn’t as scary as it sounds, and not too scare you more, but choking’s hot as well.”

Dream could've melted and been happy, god hearing this out loud was simultaneously the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened and so fucking hot. The couple looked at him expectantly, oh shoot, he was supposed to have a list. "I-I, uh, haven't re-really thought about it, I guess. Uh, sorry?"

They didn't seem upset at all, more like pleased, "well then we get to experiment with you," Sapnap grinned.

"We know enough to get started," George began, "for example, you take to praise very well, you're always so good for us," he was rewarded with a squirm that told him everything he needed to know.

"You don't mind the idea of choking, at least I don't think from your reaction last night, but that's something to think about," Sapnap bubbled, quite enthusiastically, "and maybe being held down? Again, a little fuzzy on the details."

George looked bored as he listed off more options, "you're probably a bit of a masochist from some of your reactions, you definitely listen to orders well, but you brat a bit as well, more Sapnap's territory than mine, you could have a little risk thing based off the stupid decisions you make during recordings, possibly humiliation or degradation? You'd look pretty as hell in some thigh highs, though I'm not too sure if you'd be into it or not..."

"George, take a breather. You're gonna get him all worked up when we don't have anything planned," Sapnap teased. George glanced over to the armchair, oh dear lord he'd fallen for the younger. His face was beet red all the way up to his ears, hands fidgeting restlessly, shifting in his seat. His eyes were soft, eager.

"So, we'll leave it at that. We know plenty. Now, you're aware of what a scene is. Could we plan one with you?" he proposed.

Dream nodded eagerly.

"Good. Shall we?"

Chapter End Notes

As usual, all support is HIGHLY appreciated! We're leading into some good, good sex and sweet angst coming up. Lookin forwards to hitting y'all with feels again!!

13. scene

Chapter Summary

The trio scenes, and...is there angst? read and find out ;)

Chapter Notes

ANOTHER CHAPTER? WOW!
S M U T

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wasn't nervous, he kept telling himself. He was cautious.

Sapnap had explained that scenes weren't unlike what they'd done before, not something completely foreign or new. They should have, he bitterly stated, had this conversation before having sex at all. According to him, it was their fault, being so used to these types of interactions, for not taking into account that their sex lives would likely have been altered and perspectives changed.

Dream didn't think anything was their fault. They were doing a favor, giving him as much attention as they were. But regardless, he could understand their reasoning. Having safewords was important, even if he wasn't sure he could use one. And aftercare sounded wonderful for someone in an established relationship.

They'd planned the scene, something Dream had never done before, planned sex. Usually it was just a whirlwind, whatever someone wanted was what happened. Sapnap had gently explained that just because they planned it didn't mean they weren't spontaneous, it just gave them a guide to expect certain themes and personalities throughout. Every single kiss wasn't noted down, just what they wanted to accomplish.

He blushed. The couple had argued for awhile regarding his first scene, Dream perched in the background silently. They couldn't decide between two very opposite events, arguing non-stop.

That led to where he was now, standing outside their room with anxious energy leading him to shuffle uncomfortably. He'd showered, fed Patches, and put on a comfortable pair of sweats as instructed. There wasn't any more stalling he could do right now...

So he knocked on the closed door. He heard some shuffling, then George's voice, "come in."

Dream fumbled with the knob-it was his door for fucks sake, he should know how to open it- and stepped into the familiar space. The lights were down, bed looked the same, nothing was changed from any of the previous encounters. It was oddly comforting.

"So, you finally decided to show up, huh?" Sapnap questioned, tone bored, from where he sat on the bed. Dream shivered, forcing himself to remember that he was playing a character, it wasn't

unlike what they did on the SMP. Sapnap wasn't mad at him. "Did you follow your instructions?"

Dream nodded. Sapnap groaned, "answer me verbally," he said, clearly irritated. The older man swallowed hard, gaze falling to his feet, "yes, sir, I showered and took care of Patches so 'I don't have any reason to leave,'" he repeated, anxiety hitching his shoulders up to his neck.

A hand caught his chin and forced it up so that he was looking at Sapnap, "as much as he probably enjoys your reverence, I'm requesting that you make eye contact when speaking," George tutted. Dream nodded, then whipped his head around to meet George's gaze, "yes, sir. sorry, sir," he mumbled, eyes wide.

The brunette chuckled lowly, lightly stroking the side of Dream's cheek with his hand, "what a good boy, such a quick learner, huh Sap?"

"Yeah, got lucky with him," the younger man said indulgently.

George cleared his throat and dropped his hand from Dream's face, "sit," he commanded.

The blonde dropped, falling onto the bed with a soft noise. "Do you remember your safewords?"

"yes, sir," he uttered, "green is good, yellow is slow, red is stop."

George smiled, not quite allowing it to reach his eyes, he was proud of his boy, but didn't want to allow the emotion to ruin his character, "very good. And you understand the other requirement?"

Dream blew a piece of hair out of his face, "I must stay and receive aftercare until George and Sapnap have deemed it long enough," he repeated from earlier in the day. The couple exchanged a glance, decided if they were comfortable with the words and nodded approval.

"Good boy," Sapnap cooed before snapping back into character, "we're planning on teasing you tonight, bringing you so close to the edge and not allowing you to cum. If you're good and behave you'll be allowed to cum after we're both satisfied. What's your color?"

Dream bit his lip hard, "green, sir."

Sapnap grabbed his chin, hard, and forced his head to the right, catching him in a brutal kiss that involved biting down hard into his bottom lip. Dream yelped, drawing back from the painful sensation with a glare, "hey-" he whined, only for Sapnap to throw such a withering glance his way that he stopped mid sentence.

"I didn't ask you to speak, brat, remember that. And don't bite your lip, that's for us and no one else to do, understood? You may answer."

"Yes, sir," Dream breathed. God he was already so hard it hurt.

Sapnap nodded, "there's no reason for you to still be wearing clothes. Strip."

He scrambled to yank off the bottoms, nearly toppling off the bed. George cooed as he supported the younger man, "aww, poor baby. So eager he can barely wait to get his pants off. Wonder if he'll show that same enthusiasm for my cock?"

Dream whined, shifting heavily at the words. He was needy, damned it!

Sapnap stroked his face, causing him to flip his gaze so quick he got dizzy. "Can you get on your hands and knees for me, baby?" he asked. Dream obliged, scrambling to expose himself eagerly.

At the same time, a slick finger pressed against his hole and a warm hand wrapped around his erection. He cried out, already overwhelmed. He got shushed dismissively, something that ate as his core and made him want to be louder. Somehow he knew that would be a mistake and refrained, for now.

One finger became two pressing deep inside him as the hand on him sped up.

Okay, now that was a lot. The fingers spread, stretching him more than expected. A moan bubbled up inside his chest. George thrust a little harder at the sound, extending it. "You can still take more, huh baby?" he taunted.

A third was inserted, stuffed into him. Dream's arms shook as the hand on his cock pulled roughly, just a hair too tight. Between the stretch and light buzz from his dick, he was already overwhelmed.

Sharp, shooting pleasure exploded as the fingers prodded his prostate, rubbing experimentally. Dream's back arched painfully, pushing back into the sensation, and he keened, high and loud.

Sapnap laughed next to him, "someone's responsive, huh? George, why won't you hold down a little longer and see what happens to our little slut? I bet you can make him cry if you go long enough."

Sure enough, tears pricked at the corners of Dream's vision. George pressed down again, pads of his fingers digging into the sensitive gland. He hollered, arms collapsing beneath him so that his cheek pressed against the bed firmly.

"Oh, look at that. Little baby not strong enough to hold himself up. Sapnap, why don't you help him?"

Fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him up with a yelp to kneel, head against George's chest. The older man thrust once more into his prostate, causing a sob to escape from the younger.

"George, please," he begged, cock twitching. God he was so close already, he needed the older to stop, now.

His hair was pulled harder. Dream strained up to lessen the tension on his poor hair. "How are you supposed to address us, slut?" a voice snapped into his ear. Dream shifted, yelping as the hand tugged once more. "yes, sir! Sorry, sir! Sir, please. I'm close, please!" he screamed as those sinful fingers dug the in again and a hand clamped around the base of his cock.

Dream sobbed as his orgasm escaped him. Sapnap released his cock when he stopped shaking, coming up to kiss the older man deeply, swallowing his cries and pleading easily.

"Good boy, one down," he said, biting into the swollen bottom lip.

George took that moment to hum, removing his fingers and coating his cock in lube. "Dream, darling. Color?"

"G-green," he whimpered, half at the ruined orgasm and half at the removal of fingers from inside him.

Sapnap narrowed his eyes, causing Dream to stutter out, "green, sir!"

The raven haired man nodded, pressing a chaste kiss to his lips and leaning over his shoulder to make out with George. Dream could only listen to the wet noises as the couple kissed directly over

him, a small whine slipping out. He wanted their attention back, now!

A mouth began sucking at the skin under his jaw, Dream arching back into the contact. A hand ran up his chest, stopping to rest at the very base of his throat, just resting. He let out a shallow breath and quickly gulped down more air, feeling the unfamiliar tension on his throat.

“Color, baby?” Sapnap queried.

“Green, sir.”

Sapnap pressed very lightly, not enough to prevent any air, and listened to the low moan Dream released, pushing subconsciously into the hand at his throat.

George wrapped a hand around his waist, another positioning his cock at Dream’s hole. He made eye contact with Sapnap, winked, and entered slowly.

Dream cried out at the sensation as Sapnap pressed lightly on his pulse points to restrict blood flow. He simply sat for a moment, George slowly working his way into his ass and head slowly going fuzzy. It was a strange sensation, being able to breathe yet feeling so dizzy.

Sapnap released his grip as George made his first full thrust into Dream’s tight ass. The blonde gasped for air as the brief buzz made everything so much more intense, dear lord.

Sapnap nipped at his pulse point, working his way up to press against the still rather dazed boy’s lips. He was barely responsive, pressing back weakly and letting out little sounds as George fucked them out of him.

Sap brushed sweaty hair back from his face, “color?”

Dream closed his eyes, pressing his forehead against Sapnap’s silently. The younger grabbed hair at the back of his skull and pulled, forcing his head back, “I said color, slut!”

The blonde wet his mouth, brain hazy still, “g-green, sir,” his voice barely a whisper.

George thrust harder, drawing a moan. Sapnap leaned forwards to kiss the brunette again, needy against the British man’s mouth. God he was such a fucking simp for these two, his boys.

George smiled against his lips, emphasizing with a grind against Dream’s prostate, “I know,” he whispered, “I love you too.”

Sapnap burst out in a grin before shaking his head and jerking back into the scene. He wrapped his hand once more around Dream’s cock, eliciting a high pitched moan from the older boy.

“Remember, slut. No cumming until I say so. You tell me when you’re close, or you get a punishment you’re not going to like. Understood?”

Dream weakly whimpered out his yes between thrusts. Sapnap matched the speed of George’s movements with his own, speeding up as the older man began to practically pound into Dream.

He cried, tears rolling down his cheeks at the overwhelming feelings engulfing him. He’d never felt something this intense, this much, this good, this-

George felt himself losing control over his own pleasure, thrusts beginning to become unsteady. He panted, biting into Dream’s shoulder, hard.

The younger screamed, “close, close, close,” in a sob, entire body tensing. Sapnap once again

removed his hand as George thrust once, twice, three times more and spilled into the blonde.

Dream cried out at the feeling of warm cum shooting into him and George's cock still stretching him open, sobs wracking his chest from the second edging of the night.

George withdrew with a groan, blonde falling face down onto the bed in exhaustion. Sapnap laughed, "look at you, poor baby! So fucked out and barely even half-way through, you sure you're gonna make it slut?"

Dream murmured into the blanket unintelligibly. "What was that?" George asked. Dream lifted his head with weary muscles, "please, sir, can I please cum? I'm so tired..."

He pet the younger's hair softly, relishing in the soft pleased noises and presses against his hand. "You still with us baby?" he queried. Dream gave a thumbs up, weakly calling out green.

Sapnap positioned himself at Dream's ass, leaning George's cum teasingly. It wasn't planned, but the boy just looked so delicious and-

"AH! Sappppp," Dream cried as he felt a warm, wet muscle circle around his entrance. Sapnap groaned into the older man's ass, eating as much of George's cum as was available. He thrust his tongue into the hole to scoop any out, eliciting full-fledged moans from the blonde.

George gently stroked Dream's hair, stopping every so often to tug at a strand. He knew Sapnap loved sloppy seconds, something they'd eagerly discussed when planning what to do with their troublesome boy. He might as well have expected this to happen.

After satisfying himself for now, Sapnap lubed himself and sheathed himself in Dream in one thrust.

The green eyed man's back arched, sweet noises pouring from his mouth. George continued stroking him gently as Sapnap immediately began pounding into the prone boy, having been turned on far longer than usual without any touch.

Dream began to rut against the bed, comforter offering limited contact to his throbbing erection. It was barely enough to tease, but with him this close it was practically life-changing. Small cries stepped in time with Sapnap's thrusts, pushed out of him by the raven haired man's thick cock.

Sapnap felt the familiar clench of Dream around himself, "are you already so close again, slutty boy?" he grunted, driving himself in deeper.

Dream sobbed, tears racing down his face. George gently wiped one way, using the same hand to feel down to his partner's erection, dripping with pre-cum and burning hot to touch. Dream screamed at the contact, "fuck, yes, sir. Please, sirs, I'm gonna-" he slurred, rutting twice more before a hand clamped over him again.

Dream clenched down on Sapnap- younger boy grunting as he fought to regain control- crying as his pleasure halted, pre-cum dripping onto the already damp bed covers with no orgasm to speak of.

"FUCK YOU!" he screamed, absolutely sobbing.

Sapnap continued thrusting shallowly, breath catching as he drew closer to the end. He withdrew, jerking himself several times, before inserting the head of his dick back in and cumming shallowly into the blonde.

Dream continued to cry as George rubbed his back soothingly, “sweetheart,” voice fully concerned, “I think we should stop...you seem over-“

Between tears, Dream bit out “yellow.” The couple immediately focused on the younger flipping him to his back and wiping his tears softly. Dream sniffled several moments later, glazed eyes opening back up to peer at the other men. He blinked widely.

“Hey baby, you okay to continue? Or so you went to bed done for the night?” Sapnap inquired. The taller shook his head once, movements lazy and delayed, “wanna...lemme cum? please, sir?” he slurred, sounding more gone than not.

George snapped back into mode, taking the head of Dream’s overworked cock into his wet, warm mouth.

Dream keened, hips thrusting lazily up into the older’s mouth chasing that delicious heat. He wouldn’t make it long, three ruined orgasms deep.

“Can I please cum?” Dream whimpered, hips catching as George sucked and licked at him.

Sapnap caught those hazy green eyes with his own dark ones, seeing the pure lust and need filling them. “Yes, baby boy. You can cum, go ahead and cum in George’s mouth baby,” he babbled, watching as the blonde’s mouth opened in a wail, cum shooting into the oldest.

George took it quietly, letting Dream fuck into his mouth desperately. When he finished, the oldest rose and kissed Sapnap, sharing Dream’s cum between the two of them. The raven haired man moaning at the taste and kiss.

They were interrupted by whimpering from below, dried tear tracks underneath green eyes focused on nothing at all. They went into action, George going to grab a warm washcloth and Sapnap curling around the taller man.

George cleaned them all up to the best extent he could with water alone, passing over Dream’s sweat-soaked forehead and abdomen, coming back to his ass at the end-small whine pouring out.

The dark haired men curled around the blonde, whispering sweet nothings to each other and him.

It took awhile for Dream to show some semblance of coming down, starting by a small twitch in his extremities. He curled tighter into himself, whimpering.

“Hey, sweet boy, we’re right here, okay? We got you,” George soothed. Dream settled into his arms with a soft sigh, falling asleep.

The couple tried to stay awake as long as possible, whispering sweet words to each other and Dream and stroking hair, but before long they’d also passed out into the abyss of sleep, each with an arm thrown protectively over the blonde in the middle

Smut with no angst?? what the fuck was that??

Trust me, i've got plenty of it comin next...stay tuned!

as always, support is so fuckin appreciated. as we come to the conclusion of this work, i find myself absolute dumbfounded at the support. Genuinely wouldn't have made it past chapter 4 with y'all, so thank you for pushing me and making me both laugh and cry from your comments lol. Sending love, take care of yourself <3

14. ANGST, breakdowns, and TALKING??

Chapter Summary

Dream realized he fucked up last night, George and Sapnap address the unspoken concerns. HEAVY ANGST WOW. Small TW//self harm

Chapter Notes

Wow-chapter 14.

This part was painful to write as I lowkey burned myself out with those three meaty chapters in 24 hours. I'm very anxious that it's not what y'all expected or not good enough, be gentle with me pls.

Enjoy the penultimate chapter (well, last canon chapter, but I did promise y'all a fluffy *bonus* chapter so...yep)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream awoke hot, too hot. He pushed away the blanket, only to meet damp skin pressed against his own. Wha-

Oh fuck fuck fuck, he was in bed with them still. Oh no no no, this wasn't supposed to happen. Fuck! He was supposed to put up with their aftercare and leave, he couldn't stay here, didn't deserve to stay here.

Tears filled his eyes, nerves still feeling frayed and sensitive from their earlier events. It wasn't like he wanted to go, he wanted to stay so badly, wanted to be wrapped up in George and Sapnap's arms and kissed and held and loved. But that couldn't happen, wouldn't happen. They didn't want him; they wanted the sex, the fun while they were stuck in Florida with him: the world's worst friend.

He eventually slid Sapnap's slack arm off of him, the younger boy mumbling in his sleep before rolling over. Dream then wiggled out of George's embrace smoothly to find himself free at the foot of the bed. The blonde stared at the space he left in the middle of the bed, warm and safe. He so desperately wanted to cocoon back in, wrap himself in false hope and forced affection until they kicked him out for overstepping his bounds.

But he couldn't let himself pretend to be a part of them, he thought, as a tear dripped down his cheek. Dream needed separation; he needed to protect himself. This was impossible, being involved with them but not involved with them. It was going to drive him to death with anxiety. At the same time, it wouldn't be fair to them, George and Sapnap deserved to be happy with each other. They didn't need to be held down and trapped into some kind of fucked up manipulation.

Dream bit the meat of his hand to prevent a sob from bursting out the center of his chest, filled with self-disgust. He was using his friends, practically throwing himself at them and forcing them into

this position. He'd fantasized about them, must've projected in some sense and made them feel obligated to meet his needs. Or, or he'd taken it too far that one night, during truth or dare. They'd probably been joking, teasing as they did on stream, and he'd fully manipulated them into thinking they...owed him something. A sick feeling twisted his stomach, head whipping around to face away from their sleeping forms. He was so fucked up.

They should leave, they needed to leave.

Dream shook his head, a small voice whispering that they were the ones who came after him: who dared him to kiss them, invited him to bed, taught him about the intricacies of their sex life, wanted his input and his thoughts, wanted him to feel good. Why should he feel guilty about that?

A louder thought screamed at him, echoing covering the small influence of the previous thoughts: he should feel guilty because they were under the impression that he was worthy of their love and affection. He'd manipulated them into thinking that, somehow hiding the ugly parts of himself well enough that they didn't see them at first glance.

They didn't know him, they knew Dreamwastaken, knew the green blob Dream over VC who was fun and exciting and good with people. The real Dream was pathetic, useless, worthless. He was nothing.

Dream made up his mind- he'd tell them tomorrow that it wasn't working out, that they needed to stop fucking. They'd be relieved that he'd freed them, finally left them alone.

The blonde stood, pulling on his sweatpants from where they lay on the floor, and crept to the door. He had to be quiet, didn't want them waking and feeling obligated to 'aftercare' him or whatever, he didn't deserve it. Only normal people got that, people they were dating or cared about. Not just some...loser they happened to fuck.

He made it to his room with no issues, door clicking quietly behind him. The success didn't feel as sweet as he thought it would...

Instead, overwhelming panic swept through him. What if they actually left? This had been the happiest he'd been in months, with them here. He couldn't help but think back to late nights watching stupid netflix shows, swimming in the pool, eating and cooking together (more messy than not), streaming and hearing each other's successes and failures from up close, seeing George's face when he smiled, small dimples forming, and Sapnap's head throw back when he laughed, eyes twinkling.

They'd be gone, missing, holes poked into his life. No one would be here to give Patches extra attention while Dream streamed, no one to mistake his t-shirts for their own because of colorblindness, no one to hug or bump into casually. He'd go back to being alone.

Even worse, they would leave his life entirely. George and Sapnap were both competent streamers- they could function just as well without the blonde holding them down. They had better relationships with most streamers on the SMP and in their videos, together they could likely turn everyone against him. His career, his friends, his best friends all gone because of a series of bad decisions.

Dream's nails scratched at his arms, leaving burning red lines where ragged snags dug away skin. God, he wasn't going to be able to function when they left. They built him up, supported him, tugged him down playfully. Was he supposed to crash and burn alone? Was that what fate had in store for him?

He punched the door behind him with a cry, solid wood barely moving as shocks travelled up his arm. The green eyed man cursed, knuckles flaring with pain causing him to drop to his knees crying. It fucking hurt! He flexed his fingers, relishing in the dull pain that flickered. It hurt, but it made him feel oddly better.

Dream dug his nails into his arm once more, this time purposefully digging the sharpened nails into soft flesh, pink trails erupting behind before burning horribly. He hissed, curling into himself with a sharp exhale. What was he doing?

Hands came to settle in long blonde hair, pulling so hard he heard several strands break off, gasping as an ugly sob left his throat. Fuck, fuck, FUCK! He wanted this to end, wanted Sapnap to hold him and tell him everything was okay, wanted George's soft voice in his ear. At the same time, he so desperately wanted them gone: to forget the marks covering his neck; forget their soft touch, their burning hot words; forget the memories of their skin pressed against his own, inside him, making him explode into pleasure.

Dream sobbed, unable to stop himself from racing thoughts ripping his mind into shreds.

Sapnap woke up with a shiver, turning over to grab the older boy next to him and snuggle close but barely scraping the back of a t-shirt. He shouldn't be that far away, should he? Whatever, he draped himself over the figure anyways, stealing as much body heat as he could.

The brunette man sighed, blearily blinking his sleep-crusted eyes at the sudden weight waking him up. He squinted in the dark, seeing Sapnap's head curled into the back of his neck.

He groaned, shrugging a shoulder to disrupt Sapnap's comfortable position. The younger grumbled, squeezing George's middle just a bit too hard in irritation.

"Where's Dream?" George mumbled. The raven haired man made a non-committal noise halfway between a hum and a grunt, "dunno."

George groaned loudly, impatience filling his thoughts. They'd just explained the importance of aftercare to the stubborn blonde, literally just! And what did he do, ignore them? Could he not even pretend to try listening to his partners?

He sat up, shoving the younger harshly, "get up, we're going to get the dumbass and drag his stupid ass back into bed for affection, damn it," he griped. Sapnap whined in displeasure, but obediently sat up and stretched, scratching at his head with a yawn.

George stalked out the room, boyfriend following behind him. The brunette knocked on Dream's bedroom door firmly, "Dream, you idiot, we're coming in," he announced, twisting the knob a little too harshly and slamming the door open.

The bed was empty. Before George could process that, muffled gasps caught his attention, causing him to jerk his gaze to where he thought the noise came from.

"Dream," Sapnap breathed, rushing over a few feet from the door to where the blonde was tightly curled, hands buried in his hair and head in his knees. The younger collapsed next to him, arms grasping the blonde's wrists firmly, yet gently, and pressed chest to back. "Hey, baby, deep breath, okay? Can you let go for me?" he inquired, emphasizing his question with soft rubs of his thumbs on the underside of Dream's clenched fists.

A raspy sounding gasp intermixed with a sob sounded as the green eyed man seemed to collapse in

on himself further, arms tight to his head. Sapnap made a small noise of distress before shushing the man again, continuing his soft praise and encouragement.

George just stared, unsure of what to do in this situation. Sapnap had more experience with anxiety, having close friends he learned to help through attacks, but it didn't seem to be helping at this moment. He didn't know what to do, he knew what he'd done in particularly bad cases of subdrop with Sapnap, but wasn't certain if he was allowed to step in, if it'd help or make the situation worse.

The younger turned to meet the British man's eyes, his own dark ones wild. "George, I need help. I'm trying to help but I don't know if it's helping at all," he pleaded. The brunette was a little shaken by the emotion heavy in the other's voice, it wasn't often Sapnap asked for help, and even less often he wasn't confident about what he was doing.

"Should I, uh...can I-" he stuttered, not wanting to overstep Sapnap's boundaries. The younger nodded vigorously.

George crouched in front of Dream, the younger boy not even noticing the change as he continued to struggle to get enough air. "Dream," he said authoritatively, channeling every ounce of control he had at the moment, "hands off, now."

The younger released his hands from his hair, several blonde strands still wrapped in his fingers. George winced at the amount as Sapnap gently guided the extremities into his own gentle hands, rubbing gently at the knuckles. Dream made a small pained noise, flinching at the contact. George started, eyes flying to meet the raven-haired man's.

"I barely touched him! I just rubbed-oh," he exhaled slowly, raising the green eyed man's hand slightly, "I don't know, his knuckle's all swollen and bruised, like he punched something I guess," he babbled. Sapnap felt the joint carefully, heart wrenching at the soft cry of pain, "I don't think anything's broken, just bruised," he concluded.

George gulped, anxiety shooting up. "Should I, I don't know if I'm taking advantage of him right now," he confessed. The younger exhaled again, "I don't know what else to try, he's not responding right now. Try again, if it starts to seem like it's not helping, I'll tell you to stop."

Another deep breath. "Dream, look at me," he commanded. The younger whimpered, head raising slightly, but not enough. "I said look at me!"

Hazy green eyes met soft brown, tear stains on freckled cheeks. George's heart broke, hand rising to gently caress the other man's face. He shied away from it, flinching slightly and attempting to pull away from Sapnap's firm grasp.

"Hey, baby. I need you to breathe right now, can you do that?" the brunette requested, pleading tone to his voice. Sapnap began exaggerating his own breathing, following an easy pattern to encourage Dream's compliance.

It worked, the blonde man slowly matching Sapnap's pace, only disrupted by small hitches of his own breath. His eyes screwed shut, tears seeming to have stopped. George's shoulders dropped in relief, problem one down.

"Very good, baby. Now, can we move to the bed please? Can you stand up for us?" he asked, voice becoming soft. This wasn't the same desperation as before, he wasn't going to demand anything from the fragile man. He nodded, shakily shifting his legs out, cracks sounding from his knees and hips. George winced, supporting him as they all stood, pulling him to rest against his chest on the

bed, arms wrapped firmly around the blonde's abdomen.

Sapnap sat in front of him, grabbing Dream's hands again to trace the lines on his palm. They simply lay for a few moments in silence.

"I'm sorry," he croaked, cringing under the focus of both men and glaring fiercely at his lap. George squeezed him once more, then moved to sit next to Sapnap. He raised the blonde's chin to meet his eyes. "Sorry for what, sweetheart?" he queried.

Dream swallowed, throat uncomfortably dry, "f-for worrying you," he whispered.

"Baby, we're concerned about you. That's not a bad thing," Sapnap soothed, "you're allowed to feel things, okay? We just want to know what's going on so we can help, okay love?" Dream's eyes pricked with tears, he couldn't tell them. This was exactly what he didn't want happening.

George saw the shift before the raven haired man did, saw the small step towards shut-down. "Hey, let's talk, okay?" he placated, "why'd you leave, baby?"

Dream scrunched his eyes shut, not wanting the other men to see the emotion he was sure that was swirling in them. "I-I didn't want to be a bother," he mumbled, "didn't mean to fall asleep...just-you made me stay, and I was tired, a-and I didn't want to be between you."

"Sweetheart, you're not a...bother. What made you think that?" Sapnap egged him on, worry creasing his brow. Dream felt something snap inside him, flipping a switch. If they wanted to play stupid he might as well give it all to them.

"Because you're too good for me- both of you! I don't deserve your attention, your a-affection, whatever! I know my place, and you guys aren't helping," he bit out, snatching his hands back from Sapnap to cross them.

George froze- where had that come from?! "B-baby, you...you what?" he stumbled.

"Oh don't play stupid, George. I know you guys don't want me. Why would you?! I'm fucked up, I'm broken, I'm fucking worthless! I was just 'a quick fuck,'" he said scathingly, nearly hissing out the words, "so yeah, it's too much. I don't deserve af-aftercare, I don't need a safeword, you can just do whatever you want. I don't know what I did for you to find out, but you did and have been messing with me since then. But I'm done! I'm exhausted, it hurts too much. I just want to be alone again...I might be miserable, but at least I'm not being teased by the perfect couple!"

Sapnap felt tears welling up in his eyes, a single one rolling down his cheek. Dream's anger faded at the sight of both stupefied men sitting in front of him, wrapping his arms tighter about him unconsciously.

"Dream, baby, what makes you think we're teasing you," George whispered lifelessly. The younger shifted uncomfortably.

"I-you, we're just having sex?" he spoke aloud, not really meaning to, "right? That's all you wanted a-and I wanted...I wanted more. But...I-I'm not, not allowed, right? I...I-"

Sapnap lunged forwards, wrapping shaking arms around the older man. "You stupid fucking idiot," he sobbed, "of course we want more than sex! I thought we made that clear. I-we don't just fuck around with anyone, Dream. We've been in love with you for months, maybe even years. You just, you're so private. We didn't even see your face until last week! How was I-were we supposed to

say we wanted you?"

His breath hitched, arms twitching up to return Sapnap's hug weakly. "Y-you...I...Wha-"

George leaned over Sapnap's embrace, kissing the younger boy soundly, pouring in every ounce of love, affection, devotion he could. When he pulled back, there were tears dripping down his flushed cheeks. "You fucking idiot. We've been dropping hints for months, especially after we told you we were dating. But you just disappeared...what were we supposed to think besides the fact that you probably hated us?" he spat out. He paused, taking a deep breath to control himself, "I-I thought you knew, we talked? How did you, what were you thinking?"

Dream, still flushed from the kiss, blinked back tears. "I-I'd realized I had crushes on you. After you told me you were dating, I thought I'd never have a chance. I lied," he confessed, "that's why the anxiety attacks started getting bad again. I-I just keep thinking about you and it hurt so bad and I couldn't stop." He choked back a laugh, "I thought you knew that when you said it that first night, George, and were teasing me about it. I mean- why else would you say it?"

"Sweetie," George breathed, gently stroking his cheek, "I-I was just trying to tease you, I didn't know that for sure."

The blonde broke out wheezing, followed by the other two men. The room filled with wet laughter, each pause resulting in someone spluttering and the other two laughing again.

Minutes later, the room finally silenced. Sapnap stroked Dream's hair, twisting the strands between his fingers. "So, this is probably a good time to ask officially. Dream, would you be our boyfriend who both dates and has sex with us?" he asked, half joking.

Dream nodded, more giggles spilling out of him. He kissed Sapnap desperately, hands holding his face softly. George cleared his throat, causing Dream to turn and give him the same treatment, ignoring Sapnap's whines.

The three men lay entwined on the bed, feeling exhaustion begin to creep in. Dream yawned widely, starting as George lay on his shoulder and wrapped a heavy arm around his waist, "no more leaving," he begged, puppy dog eyes thrown up at the unexpectant blonde, "you don't have to leave anymore. We want you here, so badly."

Dream swallowed around the lump in his throat, "I want to be here."

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god, we've done it. We've...addressed things???? So this was the original planned ending of the work, but since I've been told that I'm mean I *guess* you'll get another chapter of smut/fluff...no angst at all! Probably!

I can't tell you enough how much I've appreciated the support throughout this work. I never thought I'd get back into writing, let alone write a 30,000+ word (gonna be) COMPLETED fic!!! Honestly, the only reason I pushed through at times was because of y'all...so from the bottom of my heart, thank you.

Expect your reward sometime tomorrow. Yes I've been grinding...no, it's not healthy XD

15. BONUS FLUFF + LIL SMUT

Chapter Summary

FINE! I wrote a lot of angst this story, so enjoy your bonus fluff (+ a lil tiny smut ig).
NO ANGST...if you're mentally ill and only here for that, my bad.

Chapter Notes

AH! FINAL CHAPTER! I'm fucking SHOOK!

It's hard for me to write fluff (if you wanna see my other attempt, I have a lil cuddling fic I wrote called "Gotta Cuddle the Homies" [I think] you should check out!!) so I tried my best- enjoy!!

BTW: this google doc ended up being 70 pages long....I'm simultaneously concerned and impressed lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It took awhile for Dream to fully understand what dating George and Sapnap meant. They didn't let him spiral, talk negatively about himself, or keep all of his anxiety inside. They made him talk about everything, and when he said everything, he meant everything.

A travel ban had been announced, flights grounded past a certain date that just so happened to be the day before George and Sapnap were meant to fly to their respective homes. If they decided to cancel their departures, it was obviously "for everyone's safety," George had promised, lips twitching upwards. Not because they couldn't find it in themselves to leave each other's arms.

"George, pass me the eggs," Dream requested, vigorously mixing the bowl of goop. The brunette slid two down the table, much to the younger's chagrin, "you bitch! If you make any unnecessary mess, I'm leaving you to finish alone. Or maybe I'll make Sapnap be your assistant," he quipped, half-sternly.

"Hey!" the youngest cried from where his head lay on the table watching. It wasn't his fault that every time he tried to help with cooking it went to shit. You set one smoke detector off making ramen and all of a sudden no one trusts you! He pouted, tracing patterns into the loose dusting of flour sprinkled on the countertop.

George kissed his palm and blew it towards him with a 'mwah'. Sapnap pretended to inhale the kiss, fake choking and gripping his throat dramatically. "You dumbass, you're supposed to catch it and blow one back, not be an idiot!" George giggled at the display. Dream wheezed as Sapnap fell to the floor, pretending to die.

He cracked the eggs into the, what would hopefully be, cupcake mix, cursing under his breath as a chunk of shell fell into the bowl. Some skillful maneuvering with the spatula solved his issues, picking it off and wiping the goop onto George's cheek.

“What the fuck?” he spluttered, scrubbing at his face with a loose towel, “Dream that’s raw egg, that’s disgusting!”

“Your face is disgusting,” the blonde retorted under his breath, turning away to set the now combined mixture down and get out the baking tins. George and Sapnap made eye contact, each grinning devilishly.

George thrust his hand into the bowl, thoroughly coating it in batter. Sapnap crept up behind Dream banging around in the baking tray drawer. He nodded to the older man, mouthing “three....two....one!” before wrapping both arms in a bear hug around the blonde, yelping in surprise.

He forced the older man upright amongst cries to stop, turning him to face George, “get him!” he cried!

George wiped sticky batter all across Dream’s face, smearing the mixture along his lips, nose, and cheeks. The green eyed man yelped, straining against Sapnap’s grip to no avail, the younger man was too strong.

The British man pulled back, smiling deviantly at his masterpiece. Dream opened his eyes cautiously, noticed that George stopped, and glared. “George! We’re supposed to be making cupcakes, what the fuck?” he yelled.

Sapnap burst out laughing, releasing the older man as he hunched over. Dream scowled, then perked up as his revenge plot sprang into his brain. He pretended to huff, crossing his arms in anger until Sapnap stood up, wiping tears from his eyes, “Dream, I’m sorry,” he giggled, “it was too perfect and-”

Dream whipped around and grabbed the younger’s face to force him into a messy kiss, smearing cupcake batter all over Sapnap’s face and mouth. He made muffled sounds of complaint at first, but eventually melted into the embrace, licking into Dream’s willing mouth.

They didn’t know who pulled back first, just that suddenly they were laughing instead of kissing. Sapnap licked his lips, “I knew you were sweet, baby, but this really takes the cake,” he quipped, exaggerating a wink. George groaned, smacking the younger’s arm hard, “that was bad,” he complained.

The oven beeped, reminding them of their task. Dream wiped batter off his face with a grossed out look apparent, “can you guys put them in the oven, I need to go shower now that I’m all sticky,” he whined.

Sapnap licked his lips again, catching more cake batter, “I’m all messy too.” George groaned, waving the two men away.

“Go clean up, both of you. I’ll clean up the kitchen. Just...don’t touch me with any of that,” he shuddered. The two younger men took their leave, pushing each other teasingly as they walked down the hall towards the bathrooms. Outside the guest bathroom’s door, Dream caught Sapnap’s arm, pulling him to a halt.

The raven haired man looked confused. Dream shifted uncomfortably, face turning red under the mess, “you could shower with me, if you wanted,” he mumbled, ears burning with blush. Sapnap looked overjoyed, shooting out a quick “yes” before marching both of them to Dream’s room, tossing off his shirt with reckless abandon and practically running to the bathroom.

Dream chuckled, stripping slower before following. Sapnap stood impatiently, already naked, “turn on the shower, babe. I can’t figure it out,” he whined.

The green eyed man obliged, turning on the water before pulling the younger man in after him and pushing him under the spray. Sapnap spluttered as water dripped into his mouth, shaking his head and backing up slightly so that his back pressed against the wall. Dream hummed, taking advantage of his position and pressing himself against the naked man, wet skin sliding against each other.

Sapnap moaned as Dream’s mouth met his, desperate and needy. They made out, each half sprayed by the water, for some time, soft noises falling from both their mouths.

Dream dropped to his knees in front of the raven haired man, smirking up at him through thickly lashed green eyes. Sapnap felt himself grow even harder, if possible, at the sight.

“You’re beautiful,” he praised, grinning as the blonde’s confident look faltered to appear embarrassed.

A loud moan burst from Sapnap’s chest as Dream took the thick cock into his mouth, bobbing gently. God he was so fucking good at this. Dream huffed around his mouthful, causing Sapnap to blush. He didn’t mean to say that out loud.

Dream took the younger boy a bit deeper, feeling it meet some resistance in the back of his throat. He choked slightly, pulling off coughing...went a little too fast. Trembling hands settled in his hair, gently guiding the blonde’s mouth back to Sapnap’s cock.

“A little forwards, huh Sap?” he teased, just barely resisting the movement. “God, Dream, you’re just so fucking good,” Sapnap moaned, “just wanna feel your mouth, please baby boy.”

Dream obliged, own cock twitching at the praise, taking him into his throat. Sapnap shouted in pleasure, grip tightening in Dream’s hair.

The older man had to restrain himself from moaning as hips thrust forwards, forcing his nose to meet Sapnap’s pelvis. One hand fell to stroke himself, taking the edge off of his desperation. He bobbed on the thick cock in his throat, forcing himself to power through the discomfort while making soft little sounds.

Sapnap almost fell, thankful for the wall behind him, as pleasure pooled in his lower stomach, sparks threatening for him to let go. “Dream, gonna cum, please,” he begged, hips jerking forwards once again.

The blonde moaned, then gazed up through long lashes at the dark haired man, knowing how much the younger liked it. Sapnap panted, tensing his entire body and pulling Dream’s hair forwards, forcing his cock entirely down the older’s throat and holding him there.

Dream choked, automatically jerking back but finding himself unable to move. Cum shot down his throat, blocking his breathing even further. He struggled slightly, lungs burning at the lack of oxygen. Just as he went lightheaded, Sapnap released his grip, allowing the older boy to collapse backwards onto the ground.

“Shit, baby, I’m sorry. I-” dark eyes flickered as he took in the debauched boy below him: lips swollen, eyes dark, cum washing off his belly from the water above him, “did you just...”

Dream whined, eyes screwing shut, “shut up,” he rasped weakly. Sapnap’s cock valiantly tried to twitch back to life.

He crouched down to the older man, supporting him as he stood up shakily, “come here, baby boy. We gotta actually get clean.” Dream groaned, muscles still feeling weak, “you do it,” he pleaded, eyes wide and unfocused. Sapnap shook his head, amused, but obliged, grabbing the soap and stroking Dream’s body gently.

He followed by washing himself, pushing the blonde under the warm water in the meantime, then switched their positions. Sapnap grabbed the shampoo, squirting some in his hand before massaging it into Dream’s scalp. The older man moaned at the feeling, pressing his head into Sapnap’s hand needily. He chuckled, “so sweet, baby.”

Sapnap washed his own hair, rinsed them both, then let conditioner sit in Dream’s for a few moments. He spent the time trailing soft kisses up the blonde’s throat, nipping just enough to feel, but not enough to bruise.

After ensuring they were clean, he guided the still loose boy out of the shower and roughly towed him dry. He settled him on the bed with one of Sapnap’s shirts that’d been mixed in with Dream’s laundry and a clean pair of boxers.

George knocked on the door as Sapnap finished dressing himself, “come in, idiot, Nothing you haven’t seen,”

The British man scoffed, holding the plate of cupcakes away, “I guess you don’t want a treat then, huh? Then again, you probably got your treat in the shower?” he teased, handing a cupcake to Dream.

“Why’d he get one then?” Sapnap argued, “I’m not the only one!” He crossed his arms in an attempt to look mad.

“Because he’s my good boy,” George smiled at the blonde, “you’re being a brat.” Sapnap gasped, hand covering his mouth dramatically.

“Oh, is there anything I could do then to get my cupcake,” he mocked, “I could do what Dream did and get on my knees so good for you, deepthroat you like he does.” He emphasized his words by batting his eyelashes.

George scoffed, “you wish you could be as good as Dream is at giving head. Fine, you can have a cupcake, but only because I was waiting for so long and jerked off on my own. I’ll expect a favor tonight, Sap. Maybe Dream and I’ll fuck you...”

“Don’t get me involved,” Dream mumbled, mouth still full of cupcake. He swallowed heavily, frosting on the side of his lip. George reached over to wipe it with his thumb, catching the sweetness and sucking the thumb into his own mouth. Dream watched with his eyes wide.

“Can I have another?”

“You greedy bitch...making me do all the work while you get off. You’re gonna eat all of them anyways, Dream,” George grumbled, playfully nudging the other’s shoulder to show he wasn’t seriously “Fine, but let me settle your hair. Sapnap was gonna leave it to dry all tangly.”

Sapnap protested, words hidden behind cupcake crumbs. George rolled his eyes, grabbing the comb and a hair tie and settling behind the blonde. He combed it as gently as possible, ensuring all the knots were out before grabbing three strands and beginning a simple french braid.

Dream sighed, George’s hands soft and gentle with his hair. He could happily die here, one boyfriend tucked behind him and the other leaning against his side.

“I love you guys,” he spoke softly, almost timidly, afraid to disrupt them.

George finished the plait off with a kiss to his crown, “I love you too.” Sapnap settled further into his side, pressing a kiss against his cheek, “love you idiots.”

“Sapnap! Be nice!”

Chapter End Notes

AND THAT’S A WRAP! Thank you guys so much for sticking with me, I’ve wrote more creatively in this last few days than I did for like...probably 3 years 😊😊

But genuinely, you guys mean a lot to me. I would NEVER have written some odd 33,000 words without y’all. THANK YOU!! I’m feeling a little sick from all this fluff, might start a lil angsty one shot. Feel free to leave any ideas you may have in the comments or whatever, I have a list but I genuinely want to write what you guys wanna read.

If you wanna know when I update, feel free to user subscribe (no pressure!). Otherwise, check up every so often or whatever. Like I said, I’m really happy I got to interact with so many of you + hope to see you on another work soemtimes. To those of you in exams/finals: GO STUDY, drink WATER, have a SNACK. Take care, until next time
-Ken <3

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